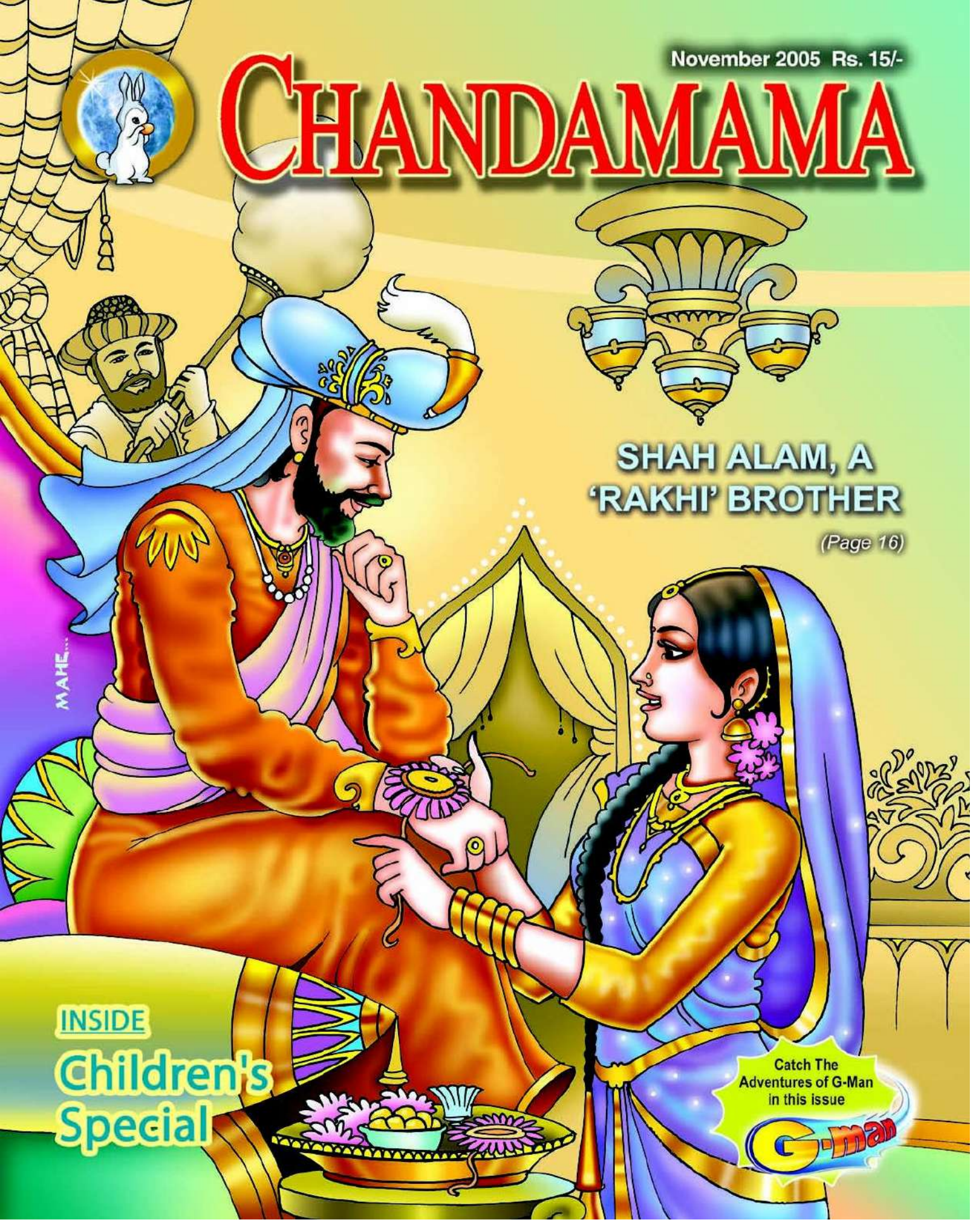
November 2005 Rs. 15/-

CHANDAMAMA



SHAH ALAM, A 'RAKHI' BROTHER

(Page 16)

INSIDE

Children's Special

Catch The Adventures of G-Man in this issue

G-man

A Holiday created just for you

WHERE...

YOU PICK. WE PLAN

You choose the destination, and we take you there. Where... all you got to do is Relax, Refresh & Enjoy.

Delighting. Enlightening. Fascinating. Relaxing Tamil Nadu. Tamil Nadu has something for everyone, for every mood. Experience it all with the TTDC designed tours to suit different tastes and budgets. Rail-cum-Road Tours, Destination Package Tours, Pilgrimage Tours and Hill Station Tours. All the tours include comfortable travel, excellent accommodation, sumptuous & wholesome food and guides. So, for that Perfect Holiday, all you got to do is book and ENJOY!

A Perfect Holiday. What do you say?

Package tours	
Mamallapuram tour	(1 day)
Thirupathi tour	(1 day)
Navagraha tour	(3 days)
Arupadaiveedu tour	(4 days)
South India tour	(6 days)
Mookambika tour	(7 days)
Goa-Mantralayam-Puttaparthi tour	(8 days)
Tamil Nadu tour	(8 days)

Rail cum Road Tours			
Delhi	- Chennai	-	Delhi
Mumbai	- Chennai	-	Mumbai
Kolkatta	- Chennai	-	Kolkatta
Ahmedabad	- Chennai	-	Ahmedabad
Lucknow	- Chennai	-	Lucknow
Jaipur	- Chennai	-	Jaipur
Hyderabad	- Chennai	-	Hyderabad

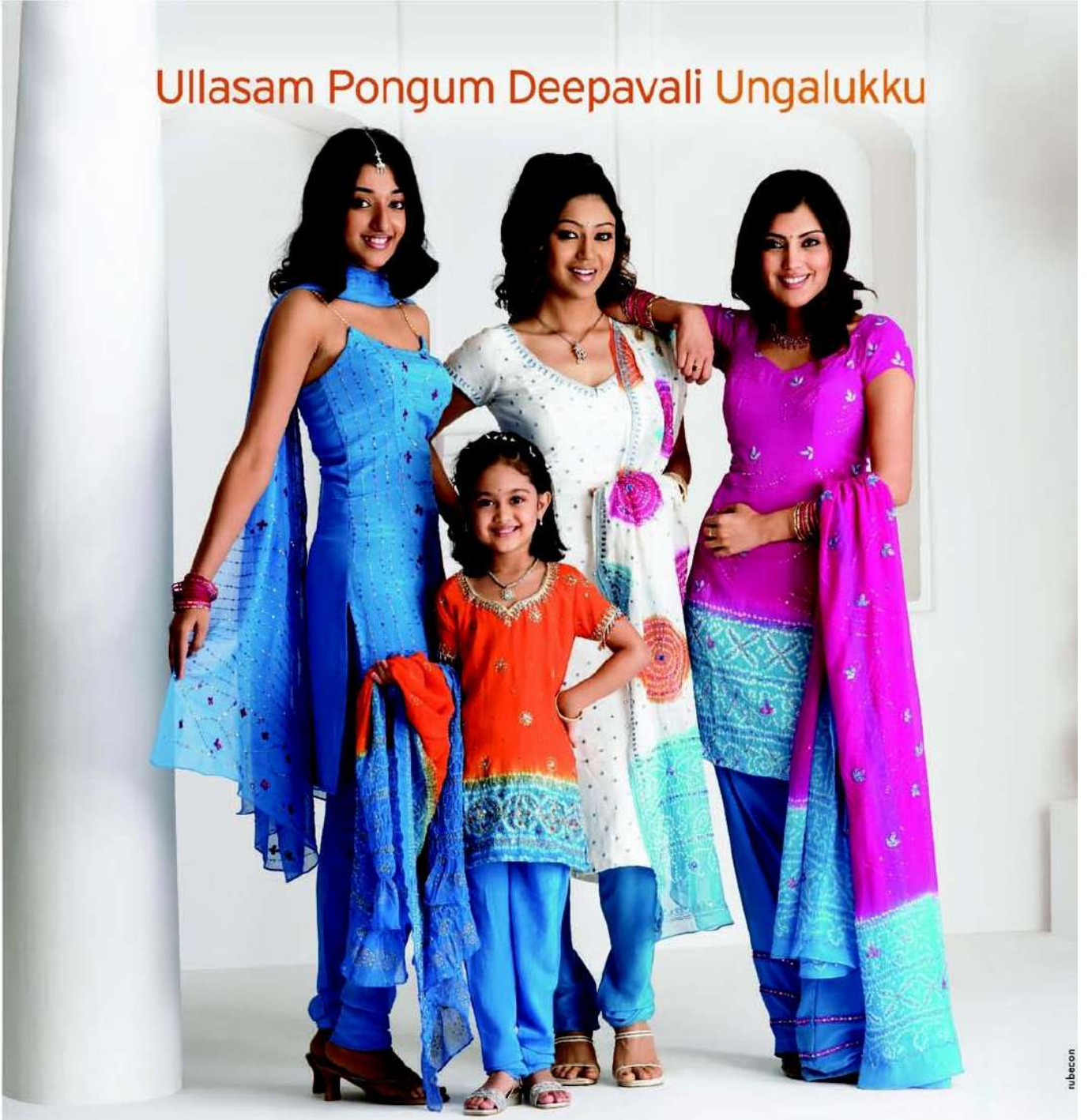
DIPR/1456/DIS/2005

For details on TTDC's hassle-free package tours, please contact:
Tamil Nadu Tourism, Ph: +91-44-25383333 / 4444, 25389857
Fax: +91-44-25361385 (Chennai, India).
E-mail: ttdc@vsnl.com **www.tamilnadutourism.org**

Visit **www.ttdconline.com** to book TTDC Hotels and Package Tours online!

enchanting tamil nadu
experience yourself

Ullasam Pongum Deepavali Ungalukku



rubecon

Vastra kala Pattu

North weds South on silk

North Indian Handwork on South Indian traditional Silks

The centuries-old handwork of North Indian artisans on lush silk, is now recreated on traditional kanjeevarams, just for you. Our team of skilled North Indian craftsmen brings you zardosi, kundan, aari, kantha, kasuti, baadhula, kashmiri, kutch and lucknowi work on our Kanjeevaram pattu. Come, give your Deepavali a touch of the regal.

POTHYS

Aalayam of Silks

Panagal Park, T. Nagar, Chennai - 600 017. Ph: 2431 0901 www.pothys.com e-mail: info@pothys.com

Vol. 36 November 2005 No. 11

9
Melody and Cacophony
(Vikram and Vetala)

14
The Overcoat
(Ruskin Bond)

26
The Beggar who became a Merchant

52
Playing with Ones and Zeros
(Humourous Story)

58
A Strange Rock in the Valley
(A legend from North America, Sioux tribe)

60
Glimpses of Devi Bhagavatam
(Mythology)

CONTENTS

★ Mail Bag ...08
★ Childrens in the news ...13
★ Shah Alam, a 'Rakhi' Brother
(A page from Indian history) ...16
★ Laugh Till You Drop ...19
★ Mangoes at Command
(A Jataka tale) ...20
★ Science Fair ...22
★ Fun with Phiya
(Environment Activity) ...24
★ A Fair Verdict ...28
★ Andromania
Reptilia : Part-II ...31
★ Ideal Summer Saturday ...44
★ Puzzle Dazzle ...46
★ Arya *(Comics)* ... 47
★ Read and React
(Competition in creative writing) ...51
★ Can a Mortal became an Immortal?
(It happened in November) ...56
★ A hole in the throne
(From the Arabian Nights) ...63
★ Can Trees prevent Cyclones, Tsunamis? ...68
★ Photo Caption Contest ...70

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION : English Rs.180/-
Other languages Rs.144/-
Send D.D. (payable at Chennai) or money order in favour of Chandamama India Ltd. with the name and address of the person you are gifting it to, and the language edition subscribed for.
Add Rs.90/- on outstation cheques.

Subscriptions by air mail to all countries other than India Rs. 1,200/-
For USA & Canada 12 issues by air mail English $ 30
Other languages $ 20 Remittances payable at Chennai in favour of CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED
No.82 Defence Officers' Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.
Phone : 2231 3637 / 2234 7399 E-mail : chandamama@vsnl.com

FOR BOOKING SPACE IN THIS MAGAZINE PLEASE CONTACT :

CHENNAI : SHIVAJI
Ph: 044-2231 3637 / 2234 7399
Mobile : 98412-77347
email : advertisements@chandamama.org

DELHI : OBEROI MEDIA SERVICES
Telefax (011) 22424184
Mobile : 98100-72961, email : oberoi@chandamama.com

© The stories, articles and designs contained in this issue are the exclusive property of the Publishers.
Copying or adapting them in any manner/medium will be dealt with according to law.

Founded by B. Nagi Reddi Chakrapani | *Editor* Viswam | *Editorial Advisors* Ruskin Bond, Manoj Das | *Consultant Editor* K.Ramakrishnan

A CHANGE IN OUR ATTITUDE TO NATURE

It is rightly said that Nature does not discriminate between developing nations and the developed ones. When it strikes, it does not take into account which place is affected and who its victims are. When hurricane "Katrina" struck the American coast, that leader among the developed nations of the world, though properly warned of in advance about her fury, was not fully geared to meet the calamity. As a result, thousands of people were rendered homeless, and many had to desert their hearths to the mercy of floods and their kith and kin who met with a watery grave. Succour came, but after some delay.

What is of greater and intimate interest to India in the aftermath of the tragedy is the fact that a formidable group of Indians, belonging to the Sikh community spread out all over the USA, rose as one man to extend help to the survivors. They opened 'langars', even away from their few places of worship where such eating places are essential appurtenances, organised mass cooking, and made available hot food for those who faced hunger and thirst. There could not have been a nobler act. Sikh '*sewadars*', arriving from even other countries like Malaysia and Singapore, also went about distributing blankets and bedsheets, pillows and towels. We are told that the "United Sikhs" had envisaged a total expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars and their gesture has attracted wide appreciation.

Apart from hailing the community for making India proud of them, what we wish to reiterate is, how Nature reacts violently when man disturbs its equilibrium. When we think deep, we may find that natural calamities are indirectly the result of man's abuse of Nature. In the process of justifying changes made in the ancient civilization, has not man adopted a life of falsehood? Every action of the human being in one way or another affects his surroundings. It is time every individual does an introspection and bring about his or her attitude towards Nature, so that it does not manifest itself into an evil force. These dark forces will vanish only by a harmony with Nature and lighten up the earth.

CHANDAMAMA WISHES ITS READERS A HAPPY DIWALI

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.

If all economists were laid end to end, they would not reach a conclusion.

Style is effectiveness of assertion. ***-George Bernard Shaw***

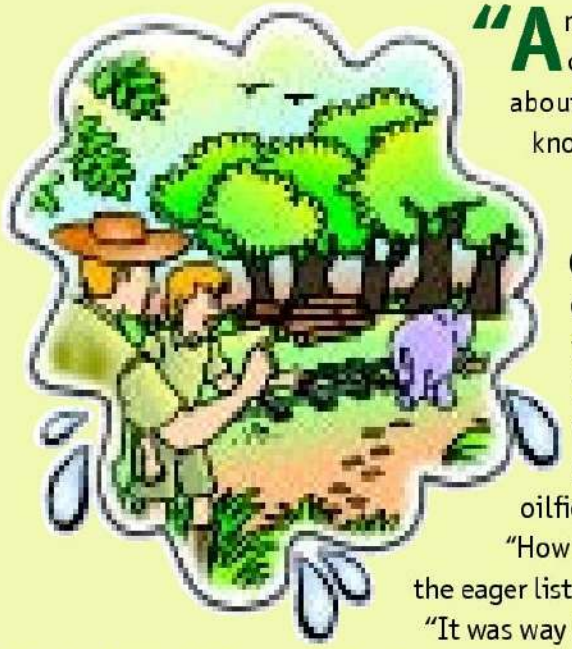
There are things more important than political parties and one of those things is helping to heal the nation's soul.

-George W. Bush

The art of dialling has replaced the art of dialogue.

-Gita Mehta

THE WORLD'S OLDEST WORKING REFINERY



"And now, children," says Mr. Das as he addresses Veena's class on the history of the petroleum industry, "I shall tell you about the oldest working refinery in the world. You'll be proud to know that it is in India."

"Really, Uncle? Where is it?" A chorus of voices pipe up.

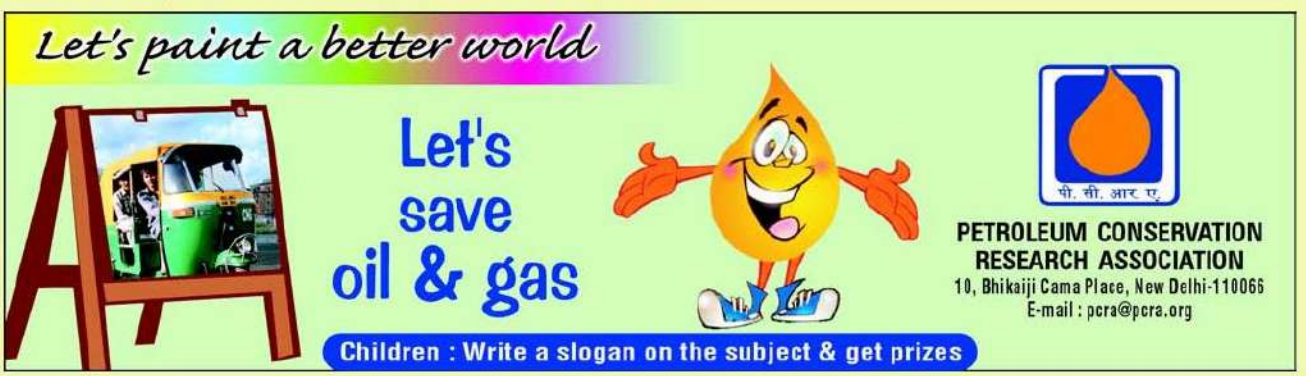
"It's in Digboi, in Assam – now the headquarters of Assam Oil Division of Indian Oil Corporation Limited. The story of oil exploration in India starts here. It was in Digboi that the first commercially viable well in India was successfully drilled in September 1889 and the first modern refinery in India was built and commissioned in December 1901. Digboi can proudly boast of two unique features – a century-old extant oilfield and the world's oldest operating oil refinery."

"How was oil first discovered here? Do tell us the story!" clamour the eager listeners.

"It was way back in 1867. A group of workers were laying railway tracks for the Assam Railway and Trading Company in an area very close to modern Digboi. It was a difficult task. The terrain was highly inhospitable; trees grew thickly together on the marshy ground, shutting out sunlight completely. They had to work in that dark, swampy forest, with only wild animals, birds and insects as companions. The story goes that one day, an elephant hauling logs from the forest returned with distinct traces of oil on its feet. The excited men followed its footprints and found oil seepage bubbling to the surface. 'Dig, boy, dig!' eagerly cried out the English officer to his men. This was how the name Digboi originated. From that day, this tiny habitat set in the hills of Assam found a place in the map of the world's petroleum industry."

"How interesting!"

"In 1899, the AOC (Assam Oil Company) was formed to look after the running of the oil business in this area. Over the last 100 years, Digboi has undergone a transition from being an age old refinery to one with state-of-the-art technology comparable to any modern refinery – a technical marvel that seamlessly blends the past and present!"


Let's paint a better world
Let's save oil & gas
Children : Write a slogan on the subject & get prizes
PETROLEUM CONSERVATION RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
10, Bhikaiji Cama Place, New Delhi-110066
E-mail : pcra@pcra.org

CRAZY FUN-FILLED WEEKENDS ON THE ALL NEW HUNGAMA TV!

Brand new hosts. Brand new shows. Hours of pure madness.
Enjoy crazy and fun-filled Saturdays and Sundays with
cool cats Karishma and Siddhanth.

Your weekends will never be the same again!

hungama

UTV. Visit us at www.hungamatv.com

MAIL BAG

Dr. Niyati Chitalia writes from Mahim:

I subscribed for *Sanskrit Chandmama* for three years for my son. He has passed his X Standard and does not have Sanskrit for study in college. You will be pleased to know that all the 36 issues which I had are now in the library of a Sanskrit Teachers Training School for the use of other interested students. I myself have been reading *English Chandamama*. I still enjoy reading it. Please accept my Diwali greetings.

By e-mail from Anubhav Chattoraj

Hello to everyone at *Chandamama*. Thanks for making the greatest magazine in the world– the incomparable *Chandamama!* I used to be a regular reader back at Patna, my home town. After shifting to Pune, I have difficulty in obtaining copies. Who's your agent in Pune? *Dangat Newspaper Agency, Pune, Phone: 24450705- Editor*

This came from Tanushree Krishna, Hosur:

I was very happy to see my contribution in the September issue. It was the first time I had written to *Chandamama* and I did not expect to see it published so soon. I find the magazine very attractive, informative and enjoyable. The editorial board is doing a great job. Congratulations.

Neelmani Bhatia (in Writer and Illustrator, New Delhi, September 2005)

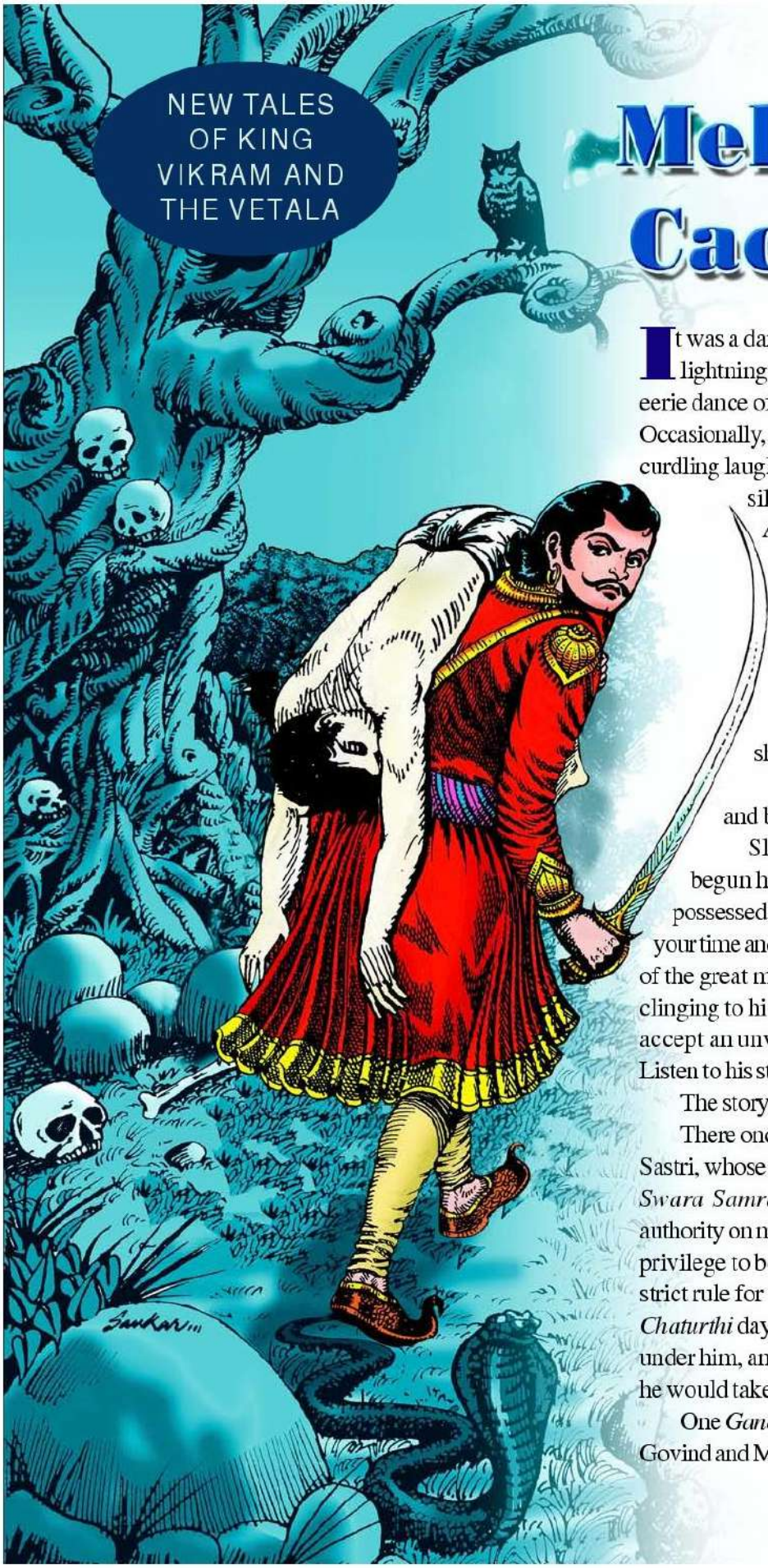
Chandamama has successfully balanced the act of walking the tight tope, which links the modern age with that of ancient. It is really heartening that *Chandamama* is a perfect gift, being served on a platter to our children. May *Chandamama* live eternally, as does its counterpart in the sky.

Karthik Bhushan of Udupi writes:

I am your true *Chandamama* fan. Your magazine is so good that I read it without missing any of them. My only suggestion is to make your contents page look better.

This came from M.Shravya, IIT Madras, Chennai:

I am an avid reader of *Chandamama*. I like your magazine very much. I hope you will continue to publish your wonderful magazine for many years to come.



Melody and Cacophony

It was a dark, moonless night. Occasional flashes of lightning illuminated the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground. Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some unseen evil spirit cut into the silence that hung, shroud-like, over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the corpse hung. Bones crunched under his feet and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched ahead.

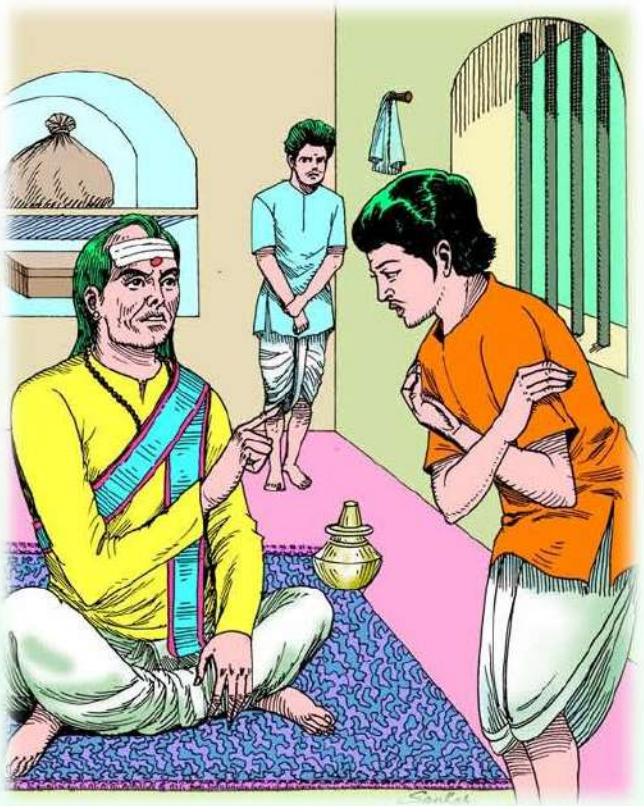
Oblivious to all this, he reached the tree and brought down the corpse.

Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! You're wasting your time and energy in a fruitless pursuit. I'm reminded of the great musician Siva Sastri, who spent a lifetime clinging to his high ideals, but had to admit defeat and accept an unworthy person as his disciple in the end. Listen to his story."

The story the vampire narrated went as follows:

There once lived a celebrated musician named Siva Sastri, whose talent and skill had earned him the title of *Swara Samrat*. As he was considered the ultimate authority on music, aspiring singers considered it a great privilege to be taught by him. However, he followed a strict rule for accepting pupils. Every year, on *Ganesh Chaturthi* day, he would test those who wished to study under him, and choose one as his pupil. In this manner, he would take just one new pupil a year.

One *Ganesh Chaturthi*, two aspiring singers named Govind and Mukund approached Siva Sastri. On testing



them, he found both to be equally well-matched in skill, talent as well as knowledge of music. Unable to decide between the two, he finally asked them both to meet him again a week later, so that he could test them further.

Govind spent the week in rigorous singing practice; Mukund, however, thought of an ingenious short-cut. He met Siva Sastri's wife and appealed, "Mother, I would very much like to become the disciple of the great musician whom I worship like a god. To me, you both are like the divine Siva and Parvati. Please tell me a way to score over my rival and pass Guruji's test!"

The guru's wife took pity on him and said, "My husband lays great emphasis on skill. A mellifluous voice is the first requirement for good music. I understand that a local physician named Sahadeva is selling a tonic that alters one's voice favourably. You better meet him and take his advice."

Mukund soon located Sahadeva and asked him for his tonic. Sahadeva cautioned him, "You must drink it in moderation; too much of it will make your voice gruff and off-key. Many enthusiastic young musicians have tried this tonic to improve their voices, and ended up losing their voices altogether. So be careful." Mukund brushed aside the warning and bought a bottle of the tonic, assuring Sahadeva that he would take due care. Going home, he sampled the medicine and found to his delight that his voice had indeed become sweeter. Delighted, he took two more sips.

Came the day of the test. It was Govind who took the first turn, and his singing earned him the master's praise. Then it was Mukund's turn. He sang the first line of the composition so melodiously that Siva Sastri was heard exclaiming, "*Shabash!*"

But as Mukund went on singing and reached a higher pitch, his voice hit a discordant note. Siva Sastri's face changed and he ordered, "Stop! It's evident that you have taken Sahadeva's tonic to improve your singing voice. But one does not acquire a good voice by taking medicines. Your voice is ruined, and you can give up your dream of a career in music. You better return home and forget all about singing!"

Shattered, Mukund fell at Siva Sastri's feet and implored, "Forgive me, Gurudev! It was my great desire to become a musician that led me to do all this. Please take pity on me and tell me how my voice may be restored to normal!"

Siva Sastri relented and said, "Constant singing practice is said to improve the voice. Don't lose hope, but keep on practising, and hopefully your voice would improve."

Disappointed, Mukund returned to his village, where he rigorously practised singing every day. But invariably, disaster would strike when he attempted the high note. Fed up with the grating notes he produced, the people of his village finally ordered him to leave the place. He sought refuge in a forest, where he sat down under a large tree and began to sing. But after a few minutes, his dissonant music jarred on his own ears. Filled with disgust at himself, he stopped abruptly.

Suddenly, a voice piped up, "Why did you stop singing? Please go on!"

Startled, Mukund looked around, but could spot no one about. "Who's that? Reveal yourself!" he demanded.

The next moment, an eerie-looking figure jumped down from the tree and stood before him.

"Wh-who are you?" asked Mukund, shivering with fright.

"I'm a ghost. Along with three others, I live in this tree," answered the figure.

"But don't be afraid – we mean no harm. Go on singing, and we'll listen attentively!"

Gathering his courage, Mukund asked, "Do you know anything about music, then?"

"We know a lot about it!" came the answer. "Once we were human beings like you, and attended many music concerts. But nowadays, a man named Siva Sastri is murdering music! We prefer your kind of music."

From then on, Mukund began singing regularly for the ghosts, who made a most appreciative audience. Gradually, a thought struck him – why shouldn't he go back to the people's midst and set himself up in the musical world as Siva Sastri's competitor?

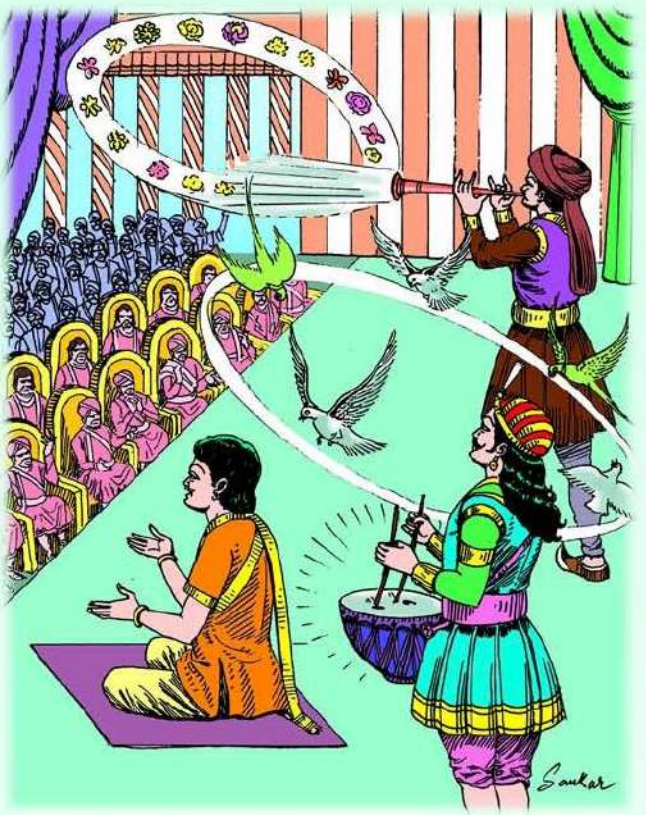
The ghosts were loud in their praise of the idea, and promised him their full support.

Mukund said, "Turning the people's taste from traditional music towards my style of singing is a task requiring money and effort. But I can do it with your cooperation. We must show magical feats at my concerts to attract the audiences. We'll need to spend a lot of money..."

"Money is not a problem," the ghosts assured him. "Just tell us how much you need, and what kind of feats you want performed, and we'll do the rest!"

Accompanied by the ghosts in human form, Mukund left the forest and went to the nearest town. He met Pramod, an influential citizen of the town, and said, "Everything in God's creation has its own beauty and worth. So it is in music, too. People think that only the *swaras* (musical notes) are melodious; but I can create melody from *apaswaras* (discordant notes) as well. In fact, if Siva Sastri is a *Swara Samrat,* I can be considered the *Apaswara Vidwan*! I believe there's a lot of scope for my kind of music. I'll make you a proposal – why don't you organise some publicity for me? I'll give you all the money you'll need!"

Pramod agreed. In return for a handsome fee, he organised concerts for Mukund and ensured that they got excellent publicity. While singing, Mukund was ably



assisted by the ghosts in human form. Sometimes they would join in the chorus; at others, they would perform eye-catching feats of jugglery and magic which left the audience spellbound.

People flocked to Mukund's concerts, and his unique style of singing soon became the hottest conversation topic in town. While many lauded it sky-high, even its detractors opined that the time had come for a change in the conventional form of music. Siva Sastri's style was denounced and Mukund was hailed as the torch-bearer of a new generation. Things came to such a pass that the king himself summoned Mukund and awarded him with the title of *Apaswara Vidwan.*

Pressed by fans to reveal his inspiration, all that Mukund would say was, "If I'm a successful musician today, it is thanks to Siva Sastri and the physician Sahadeva." One day, Siva Sastri's pupil Govind came to meet him and said, "Mukund! You're lucky; Gurudev wants to teach you music. He has sent me to call you."

Tears of joy filled Mukund's eyes and he exclaimed, "At last, the gods are kind to me! Come on – let's leave right away."

PESTS WITHOUT WINGS

'Paparazzi', an Italian word used to denote celebrity-hounding journalists and photographers, is quite commonly used, especially after the tragic death of Princess Diana. Its origin is credited to Federico Fellini's 1960 movie, *La Dolce Vita*, which has a particularly obtrusive character named Paparazzo. Fellini might also have played with the Italian verb *pappare*, which means 'to devour with wild abandon'.

As he turned to go, the ghosts stopped him, saying, "Wait, Mukund, what're you doing? Have you forgotten the money and fame you have achieved by your music? Under Siva Sastri's training, your unique voice will be changed, and you'll never be able to rise to the heights of glory again!" But Mukund ignored the warning and strode away swiftly with the gaping Govind.

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O King, what was the reason for Mukund's change of heart? He had strived to create music from *Apaswaras*, and had achieved a good measure of success with the ghosts' help. Why then did he spurn the fruits of his success and return to Siva Sastri, brushing aside the ghosts' warning? Secondly, why did Siva Sastri break his own rule and accept Mukund as his pupil? Was it due to envy at Mukund's success, and a desire to destroy him? Speak up if you know the answer. If you remain silent, your head shall shatter into smithereens!"

King Vikram promptly replied, "Mukund's original wish was to become a great musician. However, he was unsuccessful, and his despair caused him to take the help of the ghosts. By singing discordantly, he became popular. But his popularity was not due to his music, but due to the feats displayed by the ghosts. Such success is not long-lasting; at best it's a passing phase! Mukund knew this very well. So, when he received an opportunity to learn the real music, he jumped at it. Regarding your second question, Siva Sastri was a great artiste who was above petty sentiments like envy and resentment. The reason why he finally relaxed his rule and accepted Mukund as his pupil was simple – he realised that Mukund was polluting pure music by popularising his version of it, and was also leading listeners astray. As a true devotee of music, he wanted to stop this and so decided to teach Mukund."

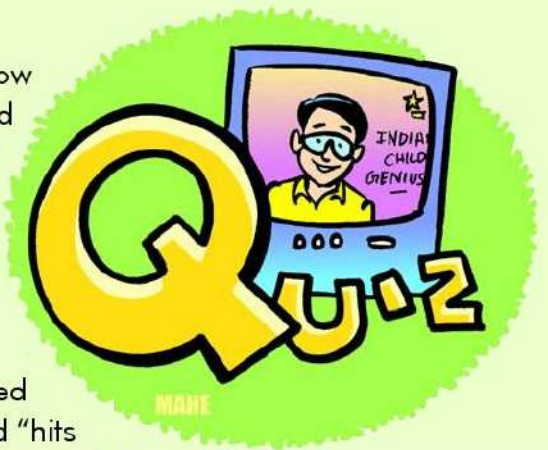
On hearing this, the vampire nodded in approval. But the very next moment he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder and flew back to the tree. With a little sigh, King Vikram squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.

Children IN THE NEWS

BOOK CONTRACT

Teen-aged Kaavya Viswanathan, who was born to Indian parents in the USA, has received a contract from an American publisher to write two books for them–both novels. The publisher has already paid her $ 500,000 (Rs. 2.2 crore) as advance! Would you believe it? Of course, after she hands over the manuscripts, she will be paid more towards royalty. The latest news is that the publisher has already received the manuscript for the first novel. Incidentally, Kaavya had hitherto attempted only short stories for her school magazine and the local newspapers and never written any serious fiction. A high-priced book contract for a teen-aged writer is probably the first happening of its kind.

INDIA'S CHILD GENIUS



That title given at the Britannia India's Child Genius show - a quiz programme anchored by Siddhartha Basu and telecast on Star World - has been conferred on 13-year old Ashwath Rabindranath, who is studying in a Chennai school. He has acquired an uncanny knowledge of peoples and places and events by poring over encyclopaedias. Ask him about some "light reading", and he will mention Isaac Asimov's science fiction. He is, of course, a computer buff and sits at the "controls" for long hours. Not interested in cricket, his favourite game is tennis which he plays, and "hits the road" frequently. All these trips have only enriched his knowledge.

PLANETS NAMED AFTER GIRLS

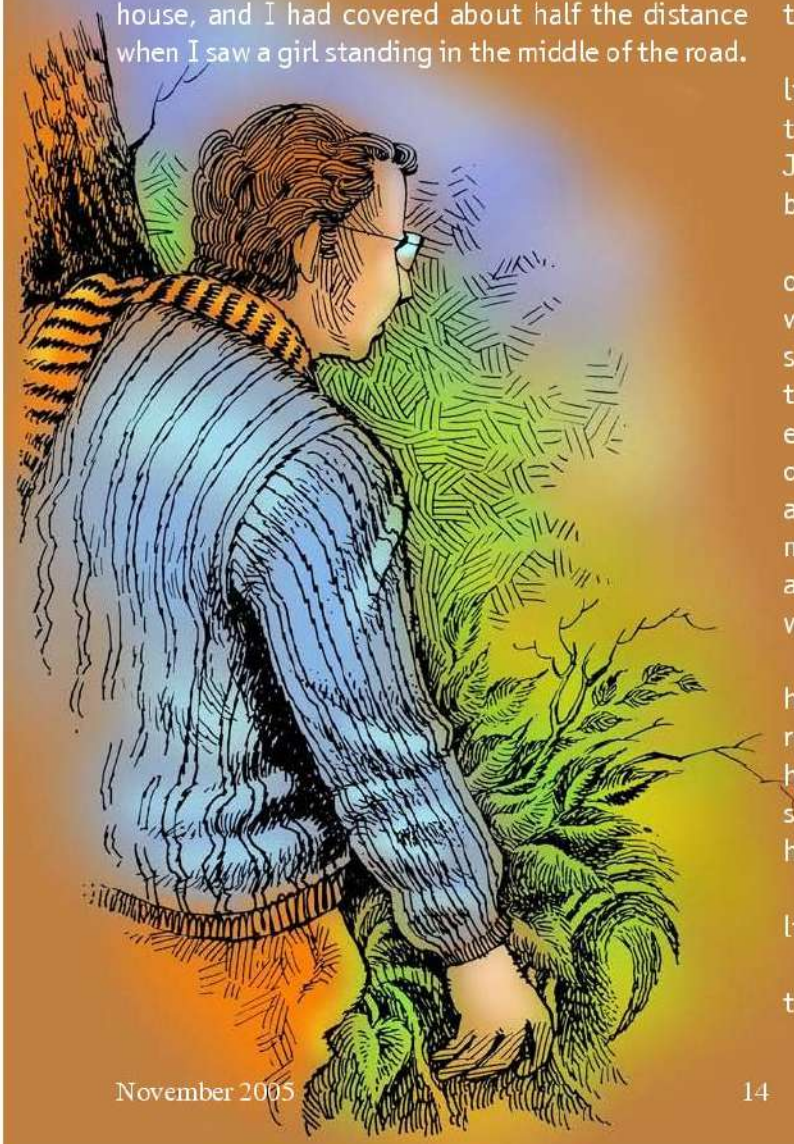
You all have read the story of Dhruva who, as the result of a boon from Lord Vishnu, was given a permanent place in the firmament as a shining star. In astronomy it is known as the Pole Star. Two XI Standard students of Coimbatore have the distinction of their names being given to two minor planets. P. Senthalir and S. Sharanya earned this honour when they became finalists at the 2003 Intel International Science and Engineering Fair in Cleveland, Ohio, USA. A communication they received in June last from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology informed them that two minor planets discovered by the LINEAR Programme of MIT Lincoln Laboratory have been named after them. The planets are numbered 17,091 after Senthalir, and 17,092 after Sharanya.

From the pen of RUSKIN BOND

THE OVERCOAT

It was clear frosty weather, and as the moon came up over the Himalayan peaks, I could see that patches of snow still lay on the roads of the hill-station. I would have been quite happy in bed, with a book, a hot-water bottle and possibly a glass of brandy by my side, but I'd promised the Kapadias that I'd attend their party, and I felt it would be churlish of me to stay away. I put on two sweaters, an old football scarf and an overcoat, and set off down the moonlit road.

It was a walk of just over a mile to the Kapadias' house, and I had covered about half the distance when I saw a girl standing in the middle of the road.



She must have been sixteen to seventeen. She looked rather old-fashioned–long hair hanging to her waist, and a flummoxy sequined dress, pink and lavender, that reminded me of the pictures in my grandfather's family album. When I came closer, I noticed that she had lovely eyes and a winning smile.

"Good evening," I said. "It's a cold night to be out."

"Are you going for the party?" she asked.

"That's right. And I can see from your lovely dress that you're going, too. Come along, we're nearly there."

She fell into step beside me and we soon saw lights from the Kapadias' house shining brightly through the deodars. The girl told me her name was Julie. I hadn't seen her before but, then, I'd only been in the hill-station a few months.

There was quite a crowd at the party, and no one seemed to know Julie. Everyone thought she was a friend of mine. I did not deny it. Obviously she was someone who was feeling lonely and wanted to be with friendly people. And she was certainly enjoying herself. I did not see her do much eating or drinking, but she flitted about from one group to another, talking, listening, laughing; and when the music began, she was dancing almost continuously, alone or with partners, it didn't matter which, she was completely wrapped up in the music.

It was almost midnight when I got up to go. I had drunk a fair amount of rum punch, and I was ready for my bed. As I was saying goodnight to my hosts and wishing everyone a Merry Christmas, Julie slipped her arm into mine and said she'd be going home, too.

When we were outside I said, "Where do you live, Julie?"

"At Wolfsburn," she said. "Right at the top of the hill."

"There's a cold wind," I said. "And although

your dress is beautiful, it doesn't look very warm. Here, you'd better wear my overcoat. I've plenty of protection."

She did not protest, and allowed me to slip my overcoat over her shoulders. Then we started out on the walk home. But I did not have to escort her all the way. At about the spot where we had met she said, "There's a short cut from there. I'll just scramble up the hillside."

"Do you know it well?" I asked. "It's a very narrow path."

"Oh, I know every stone on the path. I use it all the time. And besides, it's a really bright night."

"Well, keep the coat on," I said. "I can collect it tomorrow."

She hesitated for a moment, then smiled and nodded to me. Then she disappeared up the hill, and I went home alone.

The next day I walked up to Wolfsburn. I crossed a little brook, from which the house had probably got its name, and entered an open iron gate. But of the house itself little remained. Just a roofless ruin, a pile of stones, a shattered chimney, a few doric pillars where a verandah had one stood.

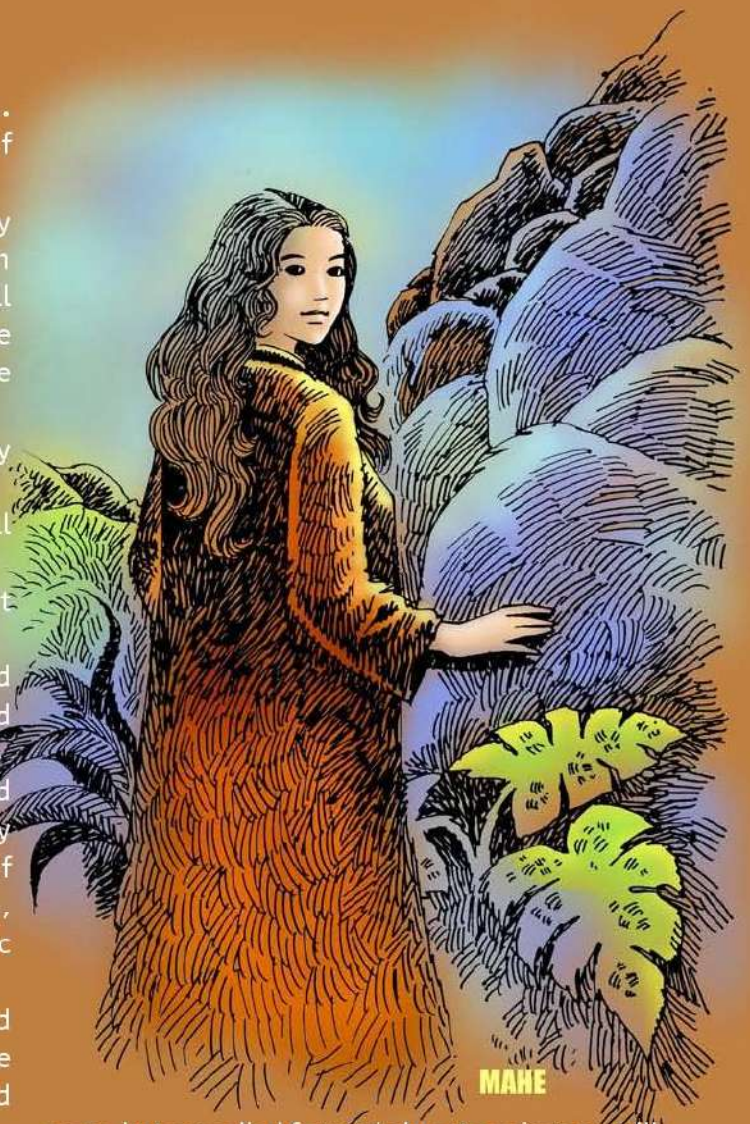
Had Julie played a joke on me? Or had I found the wrong house? I walked around the hill, to the Mission House where the Taylors lived and asked old Mrs Taylor if she knew a girl called Julie.

"No, I don't think so," she said. "Where does she live?"

"At Wolfsburn, I was told. But the house is just a ruin."

"Nobody has lived at Wolfsburn for over forty years. The Mackinnons lived there. One of the old families who settled here. But when their girl died..." She stopped and gave me a queer look. "I think her name was Julie... Anyway, when she died, they sold the house and it fell into decay. But it couldn't be the same Julie you're looking for. She died of consumption–there wasn't much you could do about it in those days. Her grave is in the cemetery, just down the road."

I thanked Mrs Taylor and walked slowly down the road to the cemetery; not really wanting to know any more, but propelled forward almost against my will.



It was a small cemetery under the deodars. You could see the eternal snows of the Himalayas standing out against the pristine blue of the sky. Here lay the bones of forgotten Empire-builders, soldiers, merchants, adventurers, their wives and children.... It did not take me long to find Julie's grave. It had a simple headstone with her name clearly outlined on it:

Julie Mackinnon 1923-39

"With us one moment, Taken the next,
Gone to her Maker, Gone to her rest."

Although many monsoons had swept across the cemetery, wearing down the stones, they had not touched this little tombstone. I was turning to leave when I caught a glimpse of something familiar behind the headstone. I walked round to where it lay.

Neatly folded on the grass was my overcoat.

A PAGE FROM INDIAN HISTORY:

SHAH ALAM, A

When General Lake marched to Delhi on September 11, 1803 and set up a Residency with Sir David Ochterlony as the first Resident, he granted a pension to the Mughal emperor, Shah Alam, to maintain his royal family. But he was a mere shadow emperor now, with no power to speak of.

But despite everything, there was something about his reign which stands out like a silver lining. It was a period that was marked by cordial relations between the Hindus and the Muslims.

When Shah Jahan built the Red Fort and came to live there, he not only permitted but encouraged the celebration of Dussehra, Diwali and Holi inside the Fort. But Aurangzeb had put an end to it when he became the emperor.

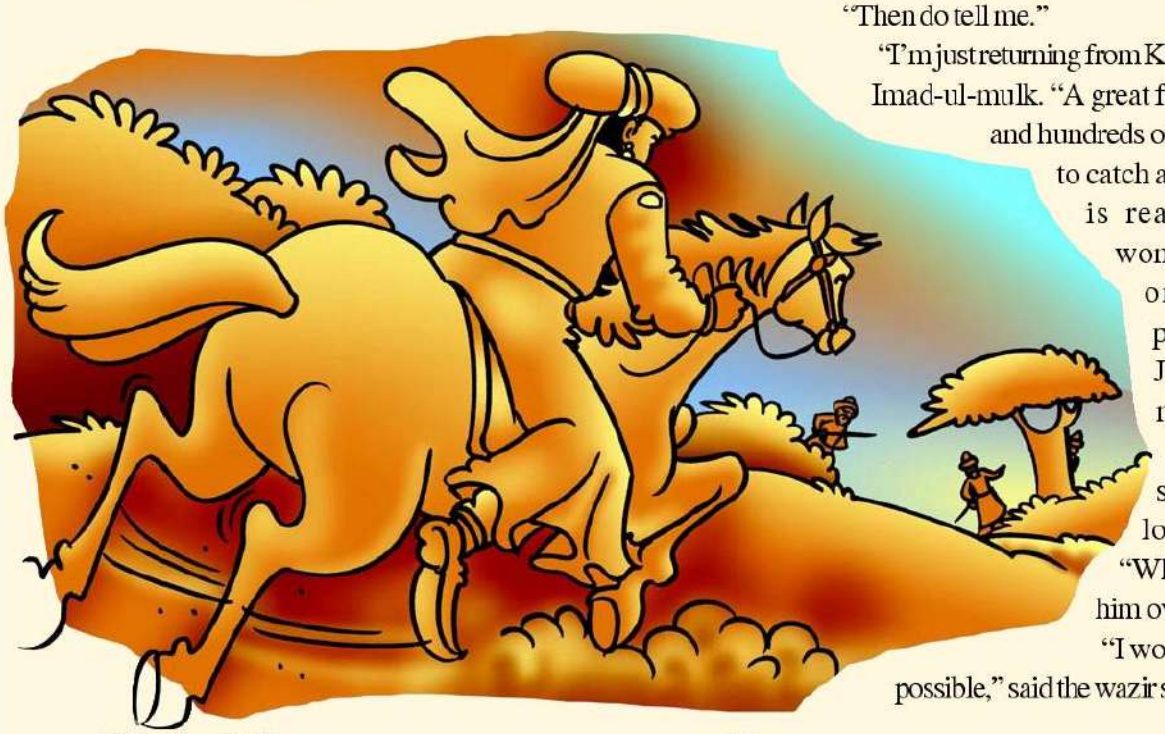
However, Shah Alam revived the celebrations and added one more to the list - Raksha Bandhan. It was because he had found a "sister" named Ramjani, who was a Hindu Brahmin. She would come to the Red Fort on the day of Raksha Bandhan to tie a *rakhi* on the wrist of her "Shah Bhai". Shah Alam made her welcome and gave her many expensive gifts .

You might wonder how or why Ramjani, a commoner, became the adopted sister of the Mughal emperor. Several chroniclers have written the story. This is how it happened: Alamgir II, the emperor before Shah Alam, was nothing but a puppet in the hands of his wazir, Imad-ul-mulk. In fact, the emperor was virtually his captive although he tried not to show it. He had great faith in faqirs and saints and spent a lot of time with them. Imad-ul-mulk, who had been planning to get rid of him for a long time, decided to take advantage of his weakness.

He began churning in his mind a clever plan as he went to meet him one morning. "Anything the matter?" asked Alamgir II looking at him curiously. "You appear quite excited."

"I am, Jahanpanah," said the wazir, "so will you be if I tell you the reason."

"Then do tell me."



"I'm just returning from Kotla Firuz Shah," said Imad-ul-mulk. "A great faqir is residing there and hundreds of people are flocking to catch a glimpse of him. He is really said to be a wonderful person, and one with magical powers. I think Jahanpanah should meet him."

"I'll be glad to," said Alamgir II, looking interested. "Why didn't you bring him over to meet me?"

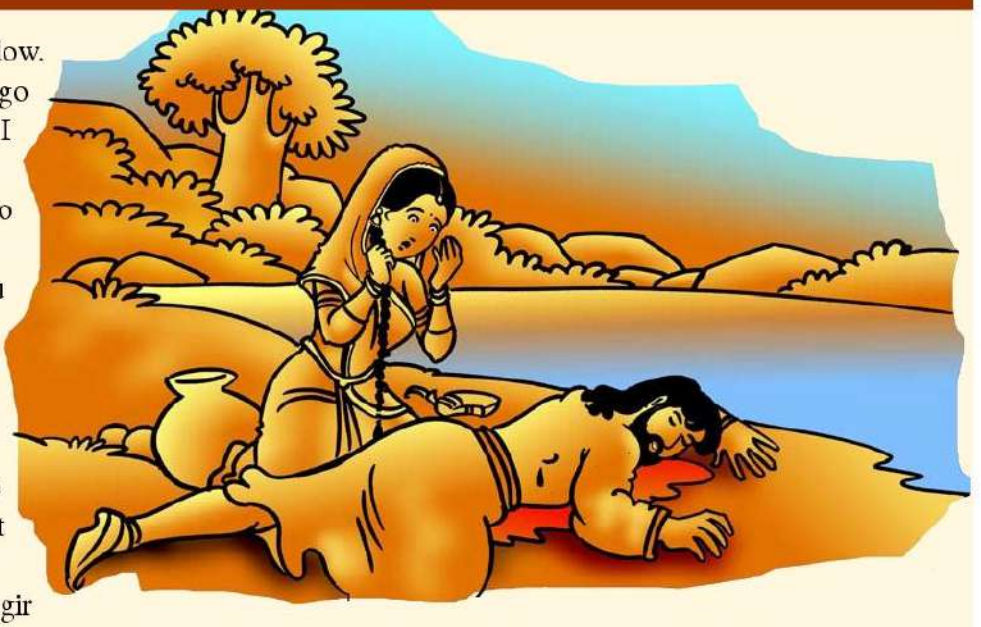
"I would have, had it been possible," said the wazir shaking his head, "but

'RAKHI' BROTHER

the great faqir goes to none, high or low. Anyone who wishes to see him has to go to him. So if you are really interested, I suggest you go to him yourself."

"Very well, if that's the only way to see him."

"One more thing, Jahanpanah. You must go to him all by yourself and not allow anyone to accompany you," said Imad-ul-mulk. "I know it is unusual for the emperor to visit any place without his retinue. But, in this case you have to follow the great man's wishes. He won't see you otherwise."



"It shall be as you say," said Alamgir II after a pause, "I shall visit him alone. I don't have anything much to lose."

"Oh, you need not have any fear, Jahanpanah," said the wazir with a sly smile, "I'm sure there will be hundreds of people patiently waiting for their turn outside."

When Alamgir II reached Kotla Firuz Shah, it was already dusk and the place was completely deserted. Imad-ul-mulk had hired professional killers to do away with the emperor. The wazir's hired men were already waiting when he reached the place. They attacked the emperor, stabbed him, and threw his body on the bank of the Yamuna. There it lay undiscovered until the following day.

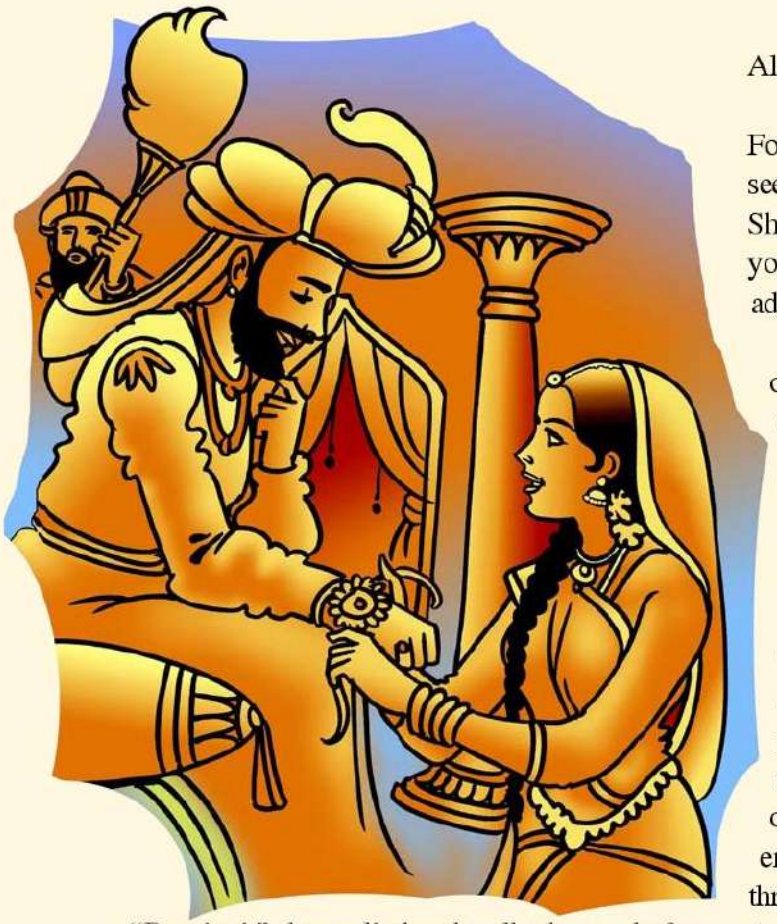
Ramjani, a young and devout Brahmin girl, always went for a dip in the river at dawn. When she reached the bank of Yamuna for her usual dip the next morning, it was still dark and the whole place was totally deserted. As she stepped down to reach the water, she caught sight of a body on the river bank. She did not recognize the emperor nor did she have any idea as to who it could be. But she saw the rich clothes and realized that it was someone important. Any other girl in her place would have possibly fainted or at least run away from the scene, but Ramjani was a brave girl. She felt she should remain there until someone came to claim the body of the unfortunate man.

She sat beside him, keeping watch until sunrise. In the mean time, people inside the Red Fort realized that the emperor was missing. The people in the palace raised an alarm and search parties went out to hunt for him. No one suspected that he could have been brutally murdered. They merely thought that he might have met with some accident. They finally reached the river bank and discovered his body and also saw Ramjani sitting beside him.

"Who are you?" they asked her. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"I had come for my early morning dip in the river," said Ramjani. "When I saw his body, I decided to stay here and keep a watch. I knew his people would come looking for him. I had no idea that he was our emperor."

"You're a kind and brave woman," they told her. "What is your name?"



"Ramjani," she replied and walked away before anyone could say anything else. They brought the body back to the Red Fort where he was buried with all the honour due to him.

Later, when Shah Alam ascended the throne, he heard about Ramjani and how she had discovered Alamgir II's body and kept vigil until sunrise waiting for his people to arrive. "That was very good of her, especially because she did it without any expectations," said Shah Alam. "I want to meet the lady and thank her personally."

So Ramjani was sent for and she came to the Red Fort trembling, not knowing why the emperor wanted to see her. She looked up at him, with fear in her eyes. But Shah Alam smiled at her. "I want to thank you for what you have done," he said. "Henceforth you shall be my adopted sister."

That is why Ramjani would come to the Red Fort on Raksha Bandhan day every year. This is how a contemporary chronicler has described the event in *Naubat-e-Panchroza*, a work popular during the period: "Sawan is the month loved best by everyone in Delhi. All the people come out in the open and enjoy themselves. There are *jhoolas* swinging from every tree and the sound of laughter and singing everywhere. The festival of Raksha Bandhan is the most important and popular. In the Red Fort particularly, special preparations are made weeks in advance. Jhoolas are set up with silver supports and ropes of silk with seats of gold and silver. Amidst all this gaiety, the emperor emerges from the Moti Masjid and occupies a small throne while the *shehnai* plays. Ramjani takes a seat near the emperor and ties around his wrist a rakhi of gold and silken thread with pearls strung round. Then she takes a sweet from a silver plate and gives it to the emperor while everyone chants *Mahabali Badshah Salaamat* (Long live the king)."

According to later chronicles, the successors of Shah Alam, Akbar Shah II and Bahadur Shah Zafar, also kept up the tradition and retained their bond of affection with Ramjani's family. - *Swapna Dutta*

MCNAMARA'S MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Necessity is the mother of invention. Guess how the first credit card came about? Way back in 1949, a man named Frank McNamara had just finished his meal at a restaurant when he made an embarrassing discovery – he did not have enough money to pay for his meal! Eventually, he had to telephone his wife to bail him out of the sticky situation. After this incident, he came up with the idea of the Diners Club, which was later to issue the first credit card!

LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

Anything that is too stupid to be spoken is sung.

- *Voltaire*

Teacher : Children, I had taught you the past tense yesterday. Come on, Bunty, give me one example of a past tense.

Bunty : I...err....Teacher, I was absent yesterday.

Teacher : Very good, Bunty, you may sit down. I'm glad you understood the lesson.

Tenant: Does the water always come through the roof like this?

Landlord: Oh no, Sir. Only when it rains.

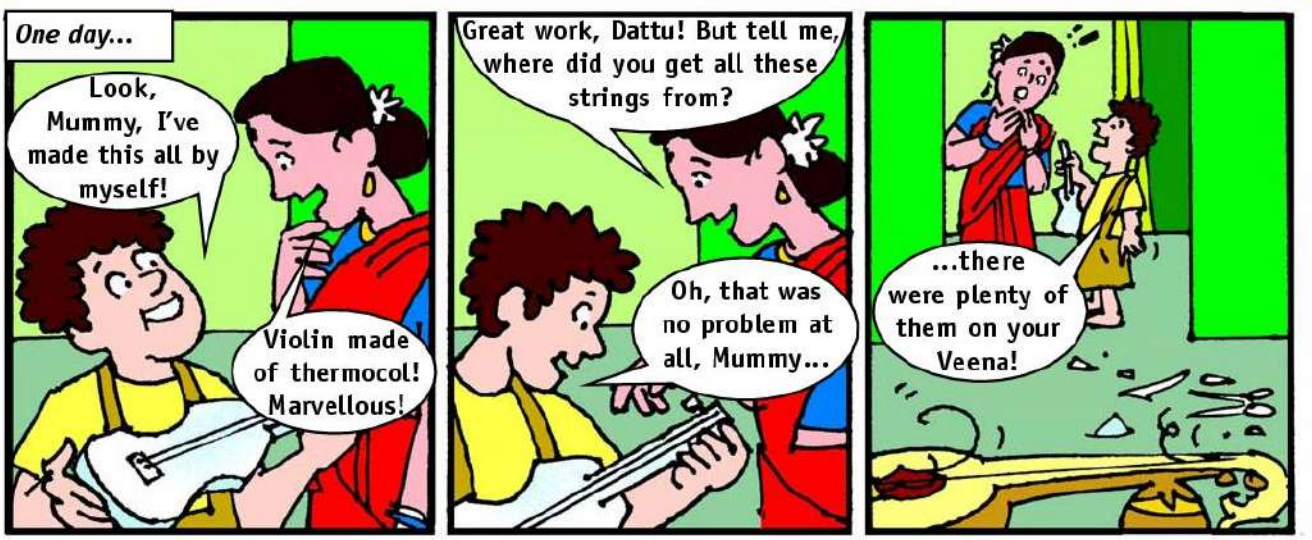
During their silver jubilee, a wife reminded her husband: "Do you remember when you proposed to me? I was so overwhelmed that I didn't talk for an hour?"

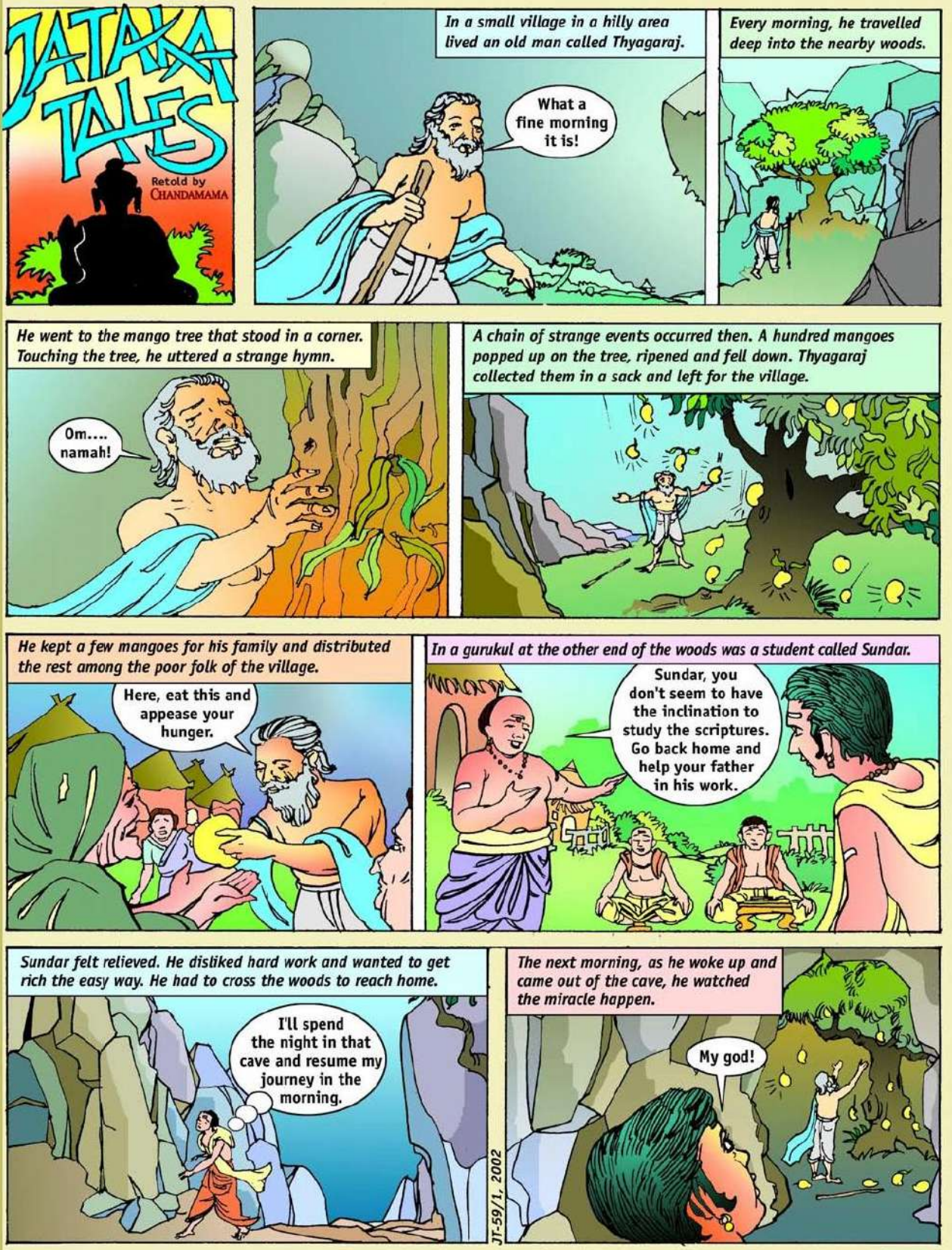
The hubby replied: "Yes, honey, that was the happiest hour in my life."

Lady: You should be ashamed to be seen begging at my house.

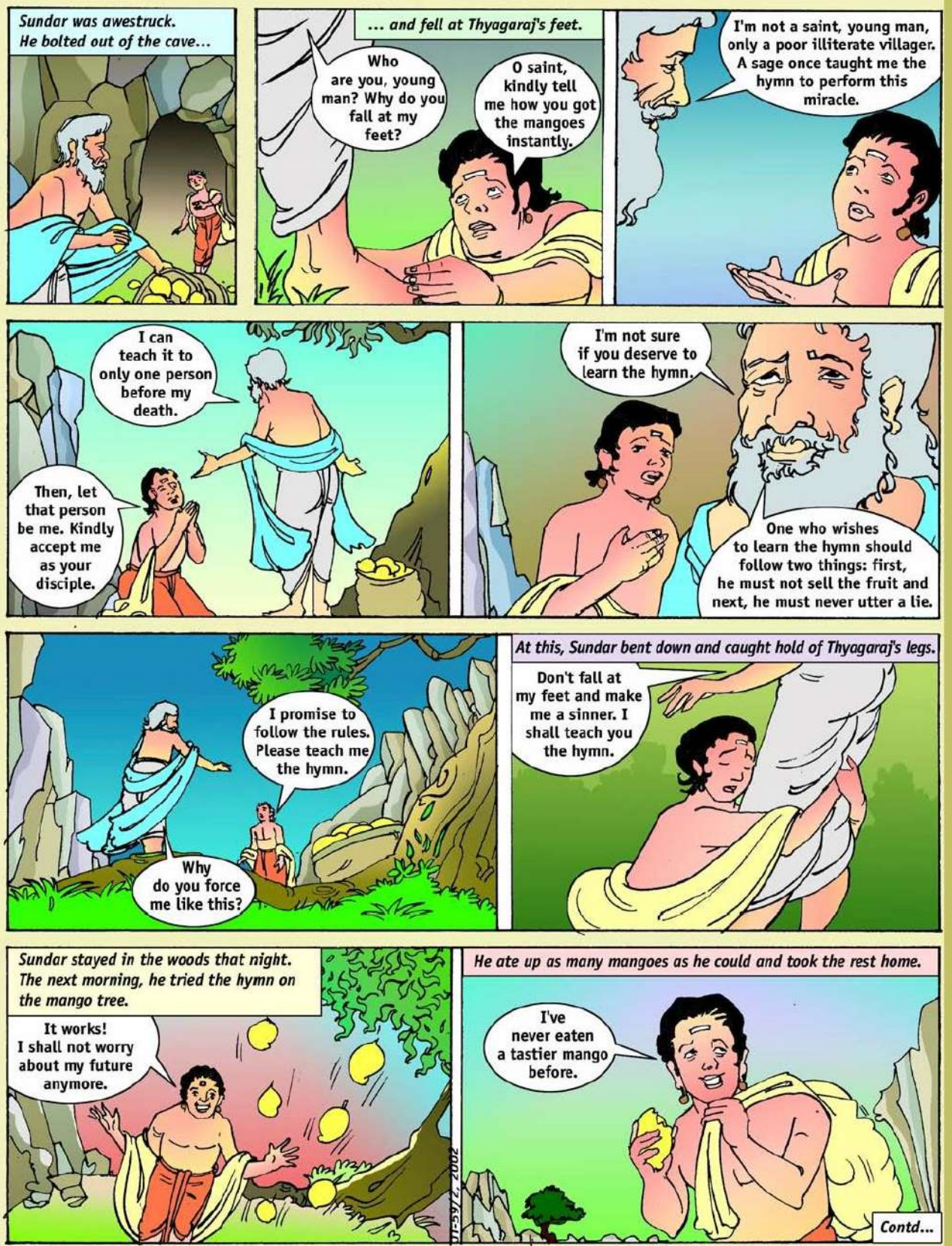
Beggar: Don't feel like that, lady. I've seen a lot worse houses than this one.

DUSHTU DATTU


One day...
Look, Mummy, I've made this all by myself!
Violin made of thermocol! Marvellous!
Great work, Dattu! But tell me, where did you get all these strings from?
Oh, that was no problem at all, Mummy...
...there were plenty of them on your Veena!


JATAKA TALES
Retold by CHANDAMAMA
In a small village in a hilly area lived an old man called Thyagaraj.
What a fine morning it is!
Every morning, he travelled deep into the nearby woods.
He went to the mango tree that stood in a corner. Touching the tree, he uttered a strange hymn.
Om.... namah!
A chain of strange events occurred then. A hundred mangoes popped up on the tree, ripened and fell down. Thyagaraj collected them in a sack and left for the village.
He kept a few mangoes for his family and distributed the rest among the poor folk of the village.
Here, eat this and appease your hunger.
In a gurukul at the other end of the woods was a student called Sundar.
Sundar, you don't seem to have the inclination to study the scriptures. Go back home and help your father in his work.
Sundar felt relieved. He disliked hard work and wanted to get rich the easy way. He had to cross the woods to reach home.
I'll spend the night in that cave and resume my journey in the morning.
The next morning, as he woke up and came out of the cave, he watched the miracle happen.
My god!
JT-59/1, 2002

MANGOES AT COMMAND


Sundar was awestruck. He bolted out of the cave...
... and fell at Thyagaraj's feet.
Who are you, young man? Why do you fall at my feet?
O saint, kindly tell me how you got the mangoes instantly.
I'm not a saint, young man, only a poor illiterate villager. A sage once taught me the hymn to perform this miracle.
I can teach it to only one person before my death.
Then, let that person be me. Kindly accept me as your disciple.
I'm not sure if you deserve to learn the hymn.
One who wishes to learn the hymn should follow two things: first, he must not sell the fruit and next, he must never utter a lie.
I promise to follow the rules. Please teach me the hymn.
Why do you force me like this?
At this, Sundar bent down and caught hold of Thyagaraj's legs.
Don't fall at my feet and make me a sinner. I shall teach you the hymn.
Sundar stayed in the woods that night. The next morning, he tried the hymn on the mango tree.
It works! I shall not worry about my future anymore.
He ate up as many mangoes as he could and took the rest home.
I've never eaten a tastier mango before.
Contd...

SCIENCE FAIR

- By Rosscote Krishna Pillai

NOVEMBER BORN – J.C. BOSE

A rare Indian scientific genius and phenomenon, Jagadish Chandra Bose was born on November 30, 1858 in Rarikhal village of East Bengal (now in Bangladesh). Father Bhagavanchandra was a Deputy Collector with the British, but he was an ardent nationalist. Jagadish Chandra had his early education at a pathsaala (school), founded by his father. In 1870, he was sent to St. Xavier's School in Calcutta. Later he joined the St. Xavier's College there.

It was a Belgian priest, Father Eugene Lafont, professor of physics, who whetted Jagadish's appetite for science. After graduation in 1879, he left for England to study medicine, but because of frequent bouts of fever, he had to give up medical studies; in 1882, he joined Christ's College, Cambridge, and two years later, took his degree in Natural Sciences Tripos (physics, chemistry and botany). At Cambridge, Bose was greatly influenced by Lord Raleigh, professor of experimental physics, who played a big role in shaping Bose's yearning for research.

On his return to Calcutta, he was made a professor of physics (the first Indian) in the Presidency College in 1885. After nine years of teaching, he began experimental research in physics. His first field of exploration was the properties of electric waves. He devised a compact generator of electro-magnetic waves of about 5 mm wavelength, the shortest then known (now known as radio waves), and an improved form of "coherer", an instrument for receiving the generated radio waves. He was able to transmit electric signals (radio waves) over a distance of 22 m with three walls intervening and activate a receiver (coherer)which, in turn, managed to ring a bell, fire a pistol, or explode gunpowder. This actually signalled the beginning of wireless telegraphy, the invention credited to the Italian scientist, Marconi, who patented it, while Bose never bothered to do so.

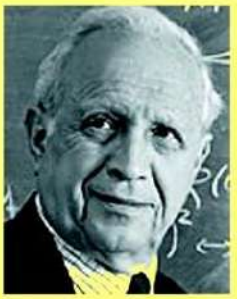
Subsequently, he made remarkable progress in discovering various properties of radio waves and in inventing quite a few instruments. He became the first Indian to be invited in 1897 by the Royal Institution in London and later by well-known scientific societies in Liverpool, Paris and Berlin where he won adulation from eminent physicists. His inquiring intellect now began to probe other spheres of science. By 1900, he went across from physics to physiology. Indeed, he is now better known the world over for the work he did since then and till the end of his life in plant physiology. He went on to make comparative studies of responses to stimuli in non-living and living matter like plants and animals, and found a lot of similarity in their behaviour.

He founded the well-planned Bose Research Institute, the first of its kind in India, now named after him, in Calcutta. It was opened on November 30, 1917. In 1896, the University of London conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science (D. Sc.). In 1917, he was knighted, and in 1920, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society (F. R. S.), the first Indian scientist to receive the honour.

The great Indian physicist and physiologist passed away on November 23, 1937.

LIGHT AND LASER

Early in the 20th century, scientists had shown that light travels as waves and also emits "streams" of particles (see *Chandamama* of April). The *laser* (light amplification of simulated emission of radiation) was invented in1950, and research into the properties of light, with emphasis on the application of lasers, became very intense in quantum optics.



Dr. Glauber

Dr. Hall

Dr. Haensch

Dr. Roy J. Glauber, Professor of Physics, Harvard University, USA, shares this year's Nobel Prize in Physics with Dr. John L. Hall, Senior Scientist at the National Institute of Standards and Technology, Colorado,USA, and Dr. Theodor W. Haensch, Professor of Physics at the Ludwig- Maximilians University, Munich, Germany.

Dr. Glauber's work was concerned with investigating the fundamental structure of light. His theory has "applications ranging from today's CD players to quantum computers in future".

Dr. Hall and Dr. Haensch share the Nobel Prize "for their contributions to the laser-based precision spectroscopy, including *the optical frequency comb technique*". Using "extremely frequency-stable laser systems, it has been possible to define the speed of light with zero error as 299,792,458m metres per second. The "optical frequency comb technique" is so called because it uses lasers which generate out of single-colour, ultrashort pulses of light, a spectrum of light made of hundreds of thousands of sharp spectral lines and acting like "the teeth of a comb".

TWO PHONE CALLS

In 1875, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of telephone, was trying out an instrument he had designed to transmit sound. While working with it, he yelled to his assistant: "Watson! Please come here. I want you!" Watson, who was on another floor of the building, was wonderstruck; he at once ran downstairs and excitedly told Bell about the successful transmission of the first telephonic talk! Forty years later, in 1915, when the first transcontinental telephone line opened in the U.S.A., Bell who was in the east called his old assistant, Watson, who was in the far west, "Watson! Please come here. I want you." And, Bell's voice reached Watson, not across one room to another, but across one coast to another!!

SCIENCE QUIZ

1. Who coined the word Vitamin in 1911?
   a. Louis Pasteur; b. Casimir Funk;
   c. R.J. Williams; d. Christain Eijkman
2. What is the brightest object discovered in the Universe so far?
   a. Pulsar; b. Quasar;
   c. Neutron Star; d. Nebula
3. What is the chemical name of water-soluble vitamin C?
   a. ascorbic acid; b. acetic acid;
   c. citric acid; d. linoleic acid
4. What is the maximum number of solar eclipses in a year?
   a. Two; b. Four; c. Seven; d. Five

Answers: 1) b. Casimir Funk, 2) b. Quasar, 3) a. ascorbic acid, 4) d. Five,

Fun with Phiya !

Hi kids! This time I want you to guess which ecosystem we are in. Look at the pictures below and write their names in the boxes. Rearrange the circled letters to discover the ecosystem!

_ _ _ ○ _ _ _ _ _ ○ _ _ _ _

Hey, Kids, on the facing page there are pictures of hot, cold and salt deserts and some plants and animals that live in them. Draw a trail up to the hot desert picture by connecting any 4 species that live in it. Do the same for the cold and salt deserts. Use a different coloured pencil for each trail.

Hey, I am one of the animals drawn below. Hope you connect me to the right trail which leads me home.

Fan-throated Lizard

Asiatic Wild Ass

Golden Eagle

Babul

Juniper

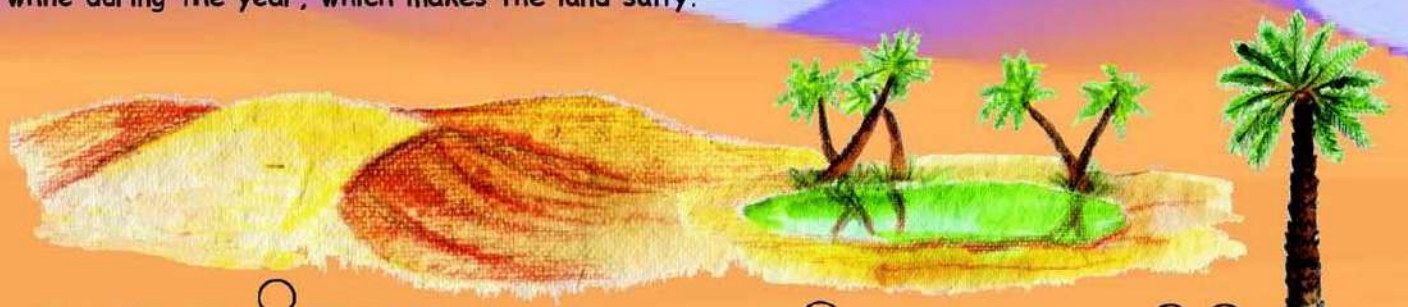
Indian Houbara

Asiatic Desert Cat

Himalayan Brown Bear

Courtesy. Kalpavriksh Environment Action Group Email - kalpavriksh@vsnl.net

You guessed it right, the answer is desert! All the illustrations below are what you would find in a hot desert. But did you know that there are two more kinds of deserts in India: cold deserts and salt deserts? All deserts have very little rain, are very dry, and are much cooler at night than during the day. Cold deserts are found at places of very high altitude, where the temperatures are very low. These areas have a lot of snowfall. Salt deserts are deserts formed near the sea and are caused by winds that blow away rain clouds. The sea water comes in and floods the land for a short while during the year, which makes the land salty.



Salt Desert

Cold Desert

Marmot

Hot desert

Flamingo

Saw Scaled Viper

Cactus

Answers on page 46

Find the plant or animal from the trail to match the description given below:

1. My stems are fleshy and I store water in them, and my leaves are modified into thorns.
2. I am one of the world's most poisonous reptiles and I produce a loud hissing noise when I rub my scales together.
3. I may not be able to see you clearly, but I can smell you. I love berries, but I also eat smaller mammals, and fish.
4. I am considered sacred by the Buddhists and offered in monasteries. When burned, my smoke smells nice.
5. My only home is the Rann of Kachchh. I am related to the domestic donkey and am a very swift animal - I can touch 50 km/hr!
6. I am a thorny, stunted tree. A lot of animals depend on me for their food. I grow in areas which do not have too much water.

CHILDREN'S PAGES

THE BEGGAR WHO BECAME A MERCHANT

Karthik Bhushan, Udupi

Long, long ago, in a small village there lived two brothers, Adithya and Anudeep. They loved each other so much that they were equally ready to sacrifice their lives for each other. As they were orphans, they had to work hard to earn a living. They caught fish and sold them in the market.

Once it so happened that they got a good catch after fishing for a long time. They were overjoyed and they went home with their catch. After some time there was a knock on the door. Anudeep opened the door when he saw a lame begging for alms. Taking pity on the beggar, Anudeep went inside and came out with a plate of fried fish. After eating it with relish, the beggar thanked Anudeep for his kindness and went away.

Next day the same beggar once again came to the same house. This time Adithya went to open the door as Anudeep was not at home. Seeing the beggar, Adithya shouted at him at first; he then went in and came out with a fishing rod, closed the door, and left the house asking the beggar to follow him. He stopped near a big pond. Adithya caught the beggar's hands and said, "Take this fishing rod and take this worm too, put the worm at the end of the rod and wait for a catch, and that's all you have to do. Now stop begging and earn your living by fishing. Good luck." Adithya then returned home.

After some years, the village was agog about the arrival of a rich merchant who was famous for his charity. No one knew why he was visiting the village.

As expected, the merchant arrived in his decorated chariot. Almost everybody in the village had gathered to welcome him. Adithya and Anudeep were also present. The chariot stopped and the merchant got

down and went straight to Adithya and said, "Dear sir, don't you recognise me?"

Adithya hesitatingly answered, "I do not remember to have met any rich merchant in my whole life."

Smiling at his answer, the merchant replied, "You have. I'm none other than the beggar whom you had made rich by teaching him the art of fishing. So, please accept this as my humble gift for teaching me this great art which has brought me to this state." Saying this, he handed over a big bag full of glittering gold and precious stones.

Adithya was overjoyed by this kind gift. Seeing all this, Anudeep came forward and said, "Did you forget me, my dear merchant? I gave you some food when you were starving, but you are giving gifts only to him."

The merchant answered: "You gave me food only for one day, but your brother had helped me for the whole of my life. However, for your kind help, please take this gold chain."

Saying this, he handed a gold chain to Anudeep. After thanking both again for their kindness, he departed.

Anudeep now realised that the 'alms' his brother gave to the beggar were more valuable than his.

Way too much rain!

Rain, rain, way too much rain,
We try to protect ourselves, but our efforts are in vain.
Tremors are disrupting our happy moods,
They scare and hurt us as much as we pollute.
It can be a complete shock, like a hurricane's storm blast,
Extremely strong, they come, but leave unbelievably fast.
They cause big disasters, they take many lives,
It keeps adding to your list of fears and strives.
Rain goes on a rampage like a non-stopping train,
What will we do with all these disasters by rain?
We know that water is very important to us,
But if we get too much, the population will be crushed!

-Aravind Vijayaragavan (10) Toronto, Canada

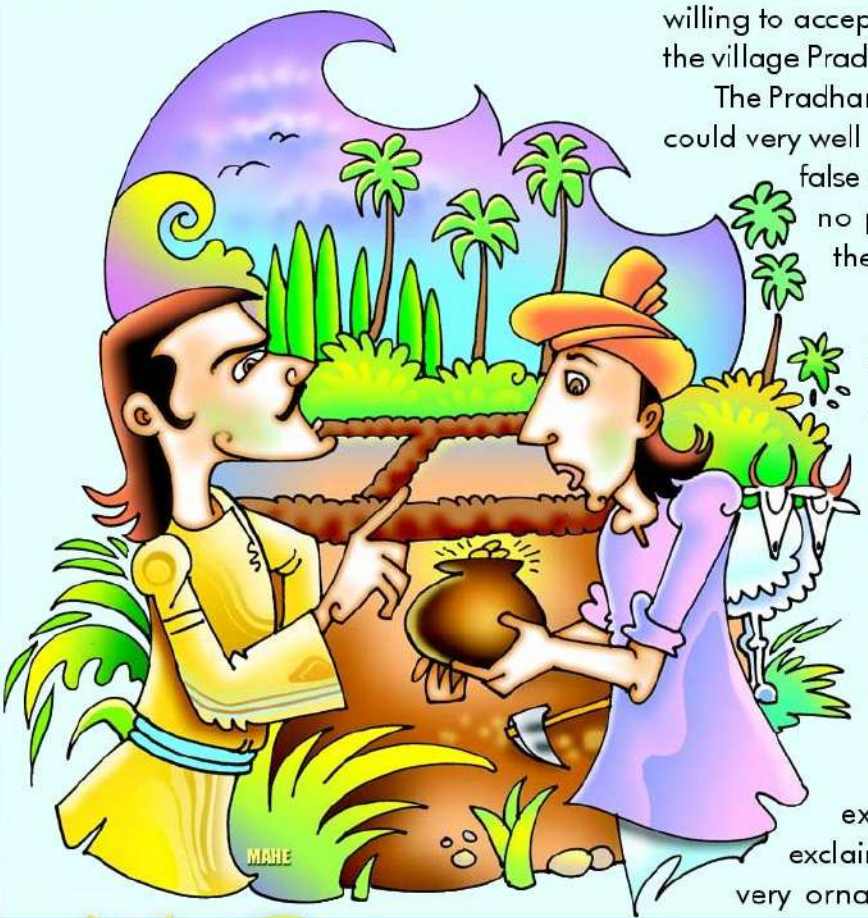
A FAIR VERDICT

K. Sneha, Hyderabad

Ram and Bhim were two farmers, who lived in Shanthipur. Their fields were adjacent to each other. Ram owned only a small piece of land. But he was a good-natured and honest man. He was held in high esteem by the villagers. Bhim owned vast acres of land, but he was mean-minded, greedy and dishonest.

One day, Ram was ploughing his field when he lamented, "O lord! How long should I suffer like this in poverty! Have some mercy on me!" Suddenly, he came upon a copper vessel buried under the earth. He took it out, opened it and was pleasantly surprised to find gold ornaments inside. But his joy was short-lived, since Bhim could catch sight of Ram holding a vessel. At once, he rushed to Ram, asking him to show its contents. As soon as he saw them, he exclaimed, "O my god! These ornaments belonged to my mother. They were stolen long back from my house. Thank god that I have now found them!" Then, Bhim started coolly walking away with the vessel.

Ram intervened. " Bhim! You're lying! How could your mother's ornaments find their way to my field? They belong to me!" Bhim was not willing to accept Ram's claim. He took him to the village Pradhan.



The Pradhan, after giving a patient hearing, could very well guess that Bhim was making a false claim. However, since there was no proof, he asked them to come the next day.

Next day, all the villagers had assembled to hear the verdict. The Pradhan opened the vessel, and was scutinising the ornaments in the presence of everybody. Then, there appeared suddenly two of the king's security guards on horseback. They told the Pradhan that the king had summoned him at once. Incidentally, they too happened to see the gold ornaments. They examined them carefully and exclaimed, " O god! These are the very ornaments stolen from our king's

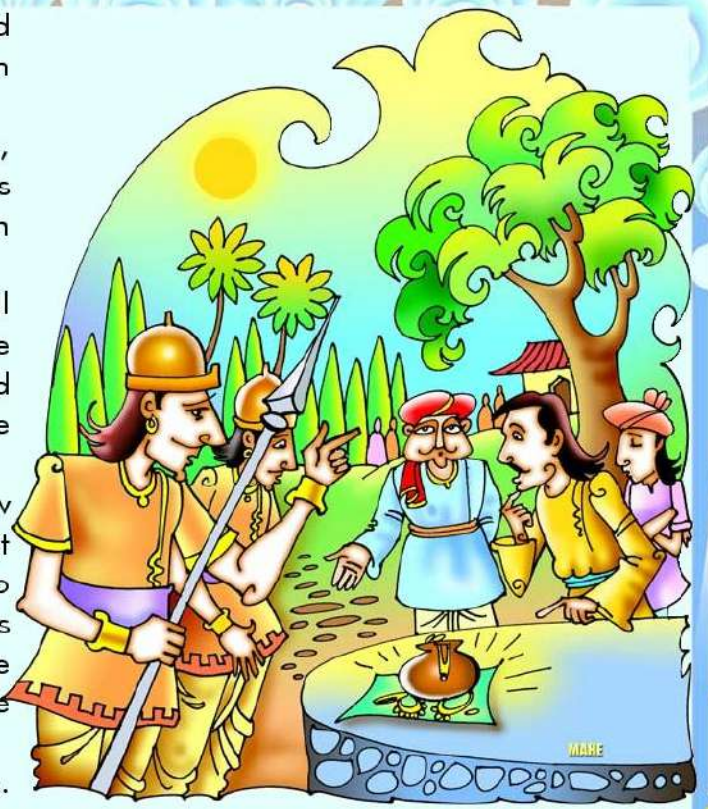
palace. They belong to the queen! How could you get these ornaments?" The Pradhan explained to them everything.

The guards became agitated. " It appears, these two thieves have jointly stolen the queen's ornaments. We shall arrest them, whip them and put them in prison."

On hearing this, Bhim was aghast. He fell at the feet of the guards and pleaded, "The ornaments are not mine. Out of greed, I had made a false claim over them. Please leave me alone!"

The Pradhan smiled. " Bhim! Right now you've blurted out the truth yourself! All that took place now was a pre-arranged drama to extract the truth from you. The ornaments belong to Ram alone. I impose a fine of one hundred gold coins on you for making a false claim. Try to be honest hereafter."

He then handed over the ornaments to Ram.



Beauty of Nature

The birds fly in the sky,
A nightingale sings on a tree;
So beautiful is Nature,
that God has given to me.

This gift from God is precious,
and can't be bought for any price;
It helps us hear the chirping of birds,
When the sun is ready to rise.

The waters of the seas and the oceans
have so many beautiful fish;
and when you turn to look at them,
to be a fish is your wish.

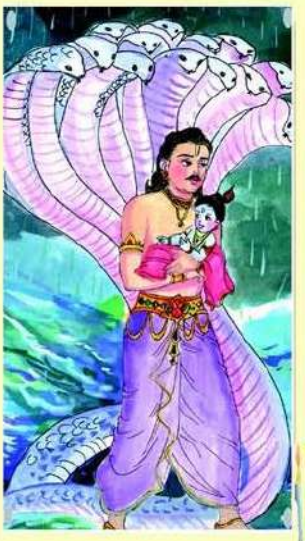
God created the beautiful Nature,
with many birds and bees;
But oh! we destroy nature,
by cutting many trees.

-V.J.Madhuvratha (11) Mumbai.

1

Debasish Mohanty, Mayurbhanj

2

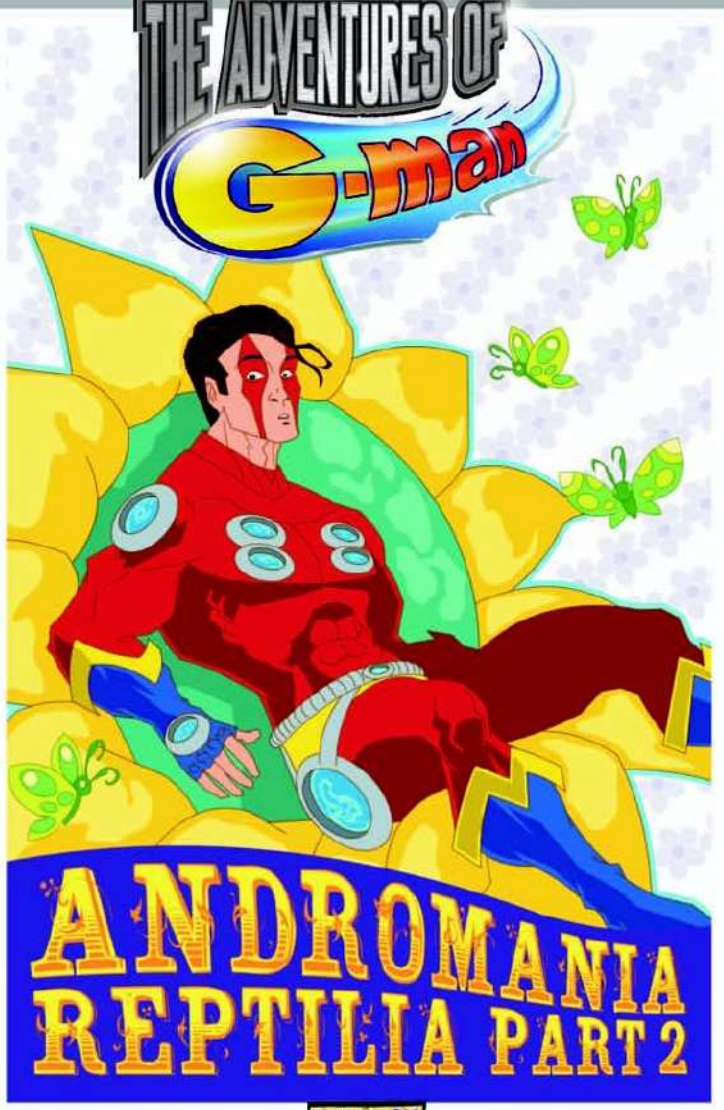


Sruthi Kruthika, Hyderabad

3

Manideepa Rana, West Bengal

THE ADVENTURES OF G-man



ANDROMANIA REPTILIA PART 2

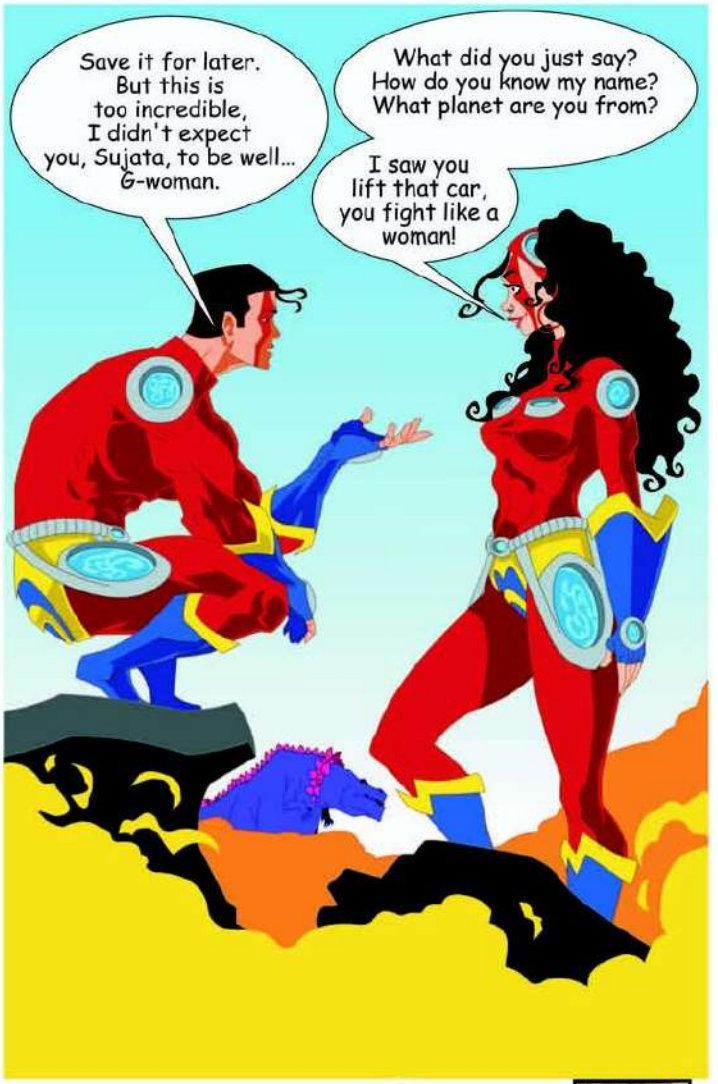
BROUGHT TO YOU BY

POWER SUPPLY
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

Story so far: In search of G-men from other universes G-man finds himself in a world that seems to be ruled by women. Just when he doubts the existence of G-man here, G-man of that world turns up to fight a monster. As if that wasn't enough he even sounds a little...

*Inhabitants of the planet Jurax on the outer galaxy. A planet that evolved somewhat similar to earth only circumstances didn't allow for the dinosaurs to get extinct.

Do you want me to do the honours? And if you don't stop staring I'll be glad to punch your face in.
POWER SUPPLY FOR
G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com


Save it for later. But this is too incredible, I didn't expect you, Sujata, to be well... G-woman.
What did you just say? How do you know my name? What planet are you from?
I saw you lift that car, you fight like a woman!

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

Hmm... Thanks for the compliment. And it's a long story.
Well make it short. And hurry up before this monster wrecks my world.
Here goes...
POWER SUPPLY FOR G-Man

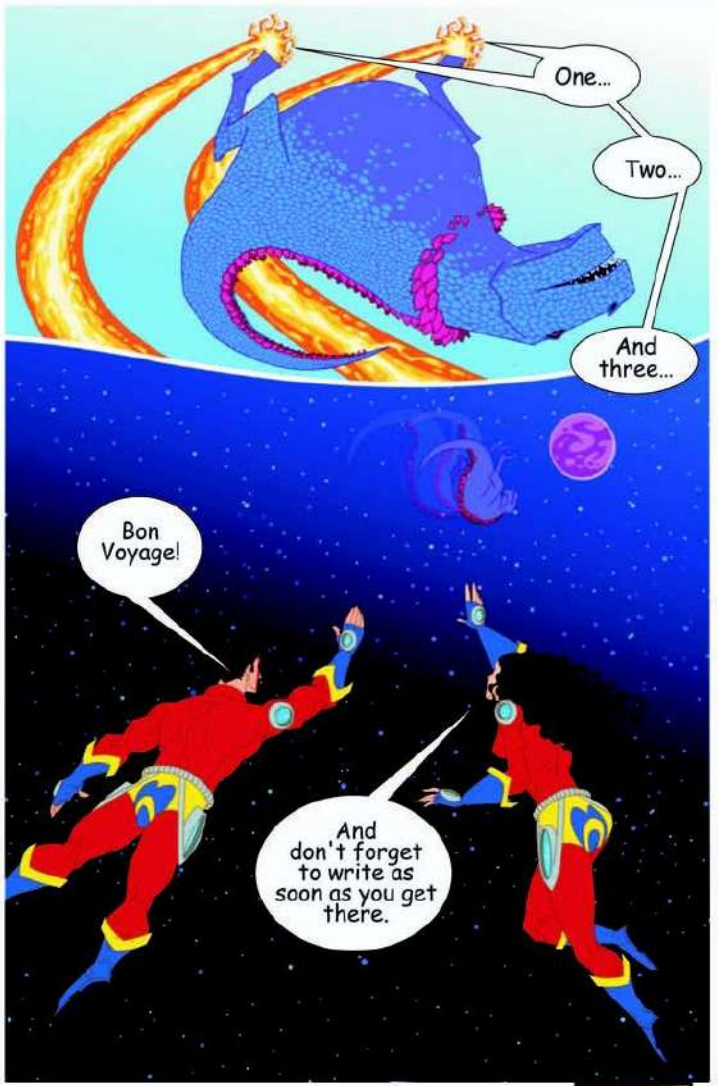
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

Later...
So you came here looking for a man and found me instead.
NOW I understand that look on your face. Very interesting and just as hard to believe. But I'll believe you if you can tell me how to take care of this pest.
As a matter of fact I do have an idea. That 'pest' is a Juraxian, an alien from another planet. If we can't kill it we send it back to where it came from.
Are you suggesting we go looking for its mother?
No, actually...

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

Men! Can't you take a joke?
I know just what you are saying. We hurl it into outer space at a specific escape velocity and trajectory directed at Jurax. Right?
Umm... Well... something like that.
Lets get to it then. We'll join forces and send it packing home. Ready?
Say when.

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com



POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

He he... you're pretty funny for...
I didn't say that.
What, for a man?
You almost did!
that doesn't count.
you say that once more and you'll see my hand connecting with your face.
Women!
Hey! Why are you getting physical?!
Ya! You wish!

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man
Parle-G
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

PARLE

FIND THE HIDDEN WORDS

A	E	R	T	G	D	G	M	A	N	G	H	J	P
T	E	R	R	O	L	E	N	E	S	D	F	J	A
G	H	H	M	H	F	R	J	U	K	L	G	A	R
R	E	D	I	A	R	D	N	I	M	G	L	D	L
G	H	J	T	B	N	C	O	R	V	X	U	V	E
M	U	F	K	P	A	S	T	Q	P	T	G	U	G
M	A	N	T	C	M	N	L	R	D	G	G	H	J
A	F	J	U	A	O	N	E	U	R	A	A	L	U
C	V	V	J	G	H	K	E	I	K	L	U	Y	J
Q	W	O	G	R	F	Z	T	X	Z	D	C	B	M
B	R	O	E	H	T	S	T	T	H	O	M	A	S
Y	U	H	E	F	G	M	G	U	G	J	U	I	O
R	E	D	B	L	U	E	G	R	E	E	N	H	N
R	N	B	F	B	M	K	L	U	R	F	O	P	H
I	U	Y	G	D	D	T	G	H	W	S	D	R	J

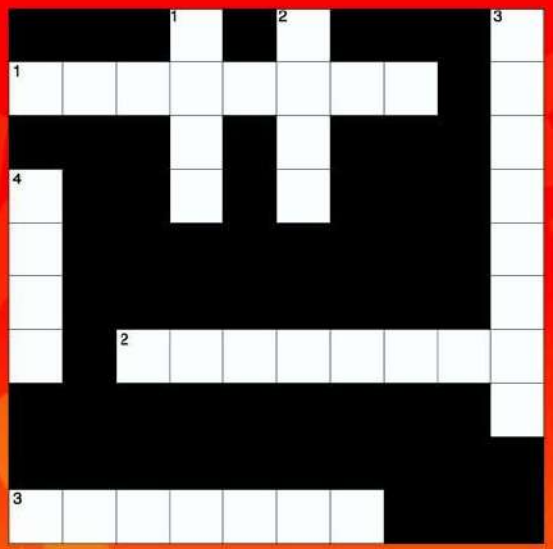
1. Master of Darkness
2. G-Man's Power Supply
3. The Hero
4. G-Man's Companion
5. The machine that stole childrens mind
6. Terrolene's suit is made of this
7. Suryaraj's rank in the army
8. G-man's power beams
9. The Water Monstor
10. The school where the major teaches
11. What the major teaches at school
12. The villian who stole childrens minds

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man

Visit www.parleproducts.com

PARLE

CROSSWORD



Across

1. Suryaraj teaches in this school _____
2. Terrolene has an army of evil _____
3. Power supply for G-man _____

Down

1. The desert where the gateway to other dimensions is _____
2. G-man goes in search of the other _____
3. G-man goes through the portal to enter into a parallel _____
4. Major Suryaraj was in the Indian _____

POWER SUPPLY FOR G-man

Visit: www.parleproducts.com

PARLE

Use the magical flavors of Poppins
to bring the picture to life.

Black Currant
Banana
Apple
Mango
Strawberry
Black Currant
Apple
Lemon
Lemon
Lemon
Lemon
Black Currant
Guava
Guava
Guava
Guava
Mango

Guava
Strawberry
Lemon
Banana
Mango
Back Currant
Orange
Apple

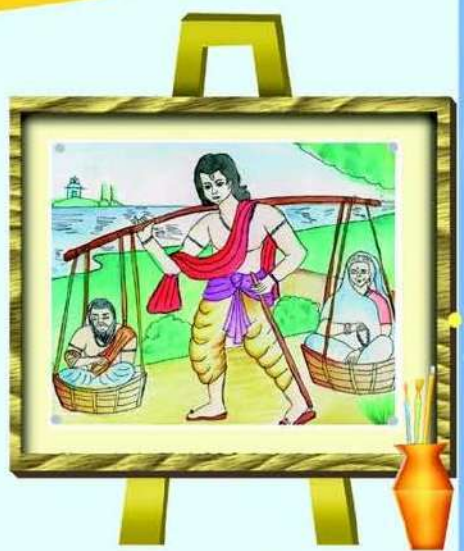
NEW GOLI RAINBOW WALI

POPPINS
Rs. 2

*MRP inclusive of all taxes. Net weight : 25g
Visit: www.parleproducts.com

Because of the recent floods, causing dislocation of train services, we could not invite the prize winners in the painting competition to come down to Chennai to illustrate the selected stories. Their paintings are displayed on these two pages. We offer our congratulations to the six prize winners. They receive Rs 300 (1st prize), Rs 250 (2nd prize), Rs 200 (3rd prize) and Rs 150 each (three consolation prizes).

Neha Adiga, Bangalore



Preethi M. Shet, Bangalore

Ragini Ravi, Coimbatore

IDEAL SUMMER SATURDAY

Shraddha Mahadick, Bangalore

I woke up after a pleasant dream to find it was another lazy Saturday. In that dream everybody was lazy. I didn't understand a thing except that it was something to do with Harry, Harry Potter. While in bed itself, I started hulking out a plan for an Ideal Saturday.

I got out of bed and headed towards the bathroom, picked up the toothpaste and found a clumsy little chit sticking out. It said: "Shraddha, we're going out, it's urgent. Go to the dining table. Mama."

I followed the instructions sincerely, wondering if Mum was playing Treasure Hunt with me or something. There, on the dining table, I found an elaborate letter (can't call it a note). It was a list of chores for the day. Here started the disintegration of my Ideal Summer Saturday Plan (ISSP). The first chore was putting on the washing machine. I hastily stuffed inside all the clothes and switched on the controls. All was normal, but a little later the machine started rumbling and all the water just flowed out.

After mopping up the water and cleaning the floor, I called up a friend, trying to pester her into coming over to lend a helping hand. But before I could complete the call, the line got cut and a strange but partly familiar voice now told me to check my balcony. I nonchalantly ignored the voice. Though a little shaken and startled at first, I just slammed the receiver down spontaneously. But with this spontaneous action I got a reflex. The TV turned on, on its own, and a pair of Afghan eyes, spooky Afghan eyes, just flashed and disappeared just the way they appeared.

I tried not to remind myself of the incident while making myself a sandwich. But even within, I could hardly finish it. I heard the same voice again, not from the phone but from the music system in my brother's room. This time I was quite shaken and followed the instructions (I was compelled to), still thinking I was a fool to follow them. I heard something hitting the door.

As soon as I opened the door I saw a dead crow with turmeric and *kum kum* powder smeared all over and on either side of the crow

were two skulls gleaming in the sunlight and boundaried with bones of varying sizes. This caused so much anxiety that I could soon see nothing and found myself lying on the floor in an unconscious condition.

I was back into consciousness when I heard the door bell ring. When I opened it, no one stood there. I looked all around and all I found was a book neatly packed with a card addressed to me! I unpacked it carefully, expecting something sinister enough as the crow but, to my astonishment, it turned out to be a book, *Nancy Drew and the Bluebeard Room*. The first page said: "To Shraddha, From Mrx".

Being a bibliophile, I hastily repaired to my study and began reading the book about Psychos and murderers with undue interest when suddenly, through the translucent curtains, I saw three figures pass. I found myself getting up and my legs took me to the door. I saw myself opening the door and behind the door, I saw my mother, father and brother. All had worn a very wicked smile.

My suspicions were aroused and my brain sent me a message: "Today is April Fools Day." I then thought of the tricks and it now struck me that my father, a doctor, had planted all the crow stuff and my brother, very intelligent and ingenuous, had connected wires for the phone and TV stuff.

I thought of teaching them a lesson, but also thought of accepting the whole thing sportively.

Give me a topic

I put my pen and paper down,
on my face was an irritating frown.
My mind is blank and hands fail to write,
nothing seems interesting in sight.

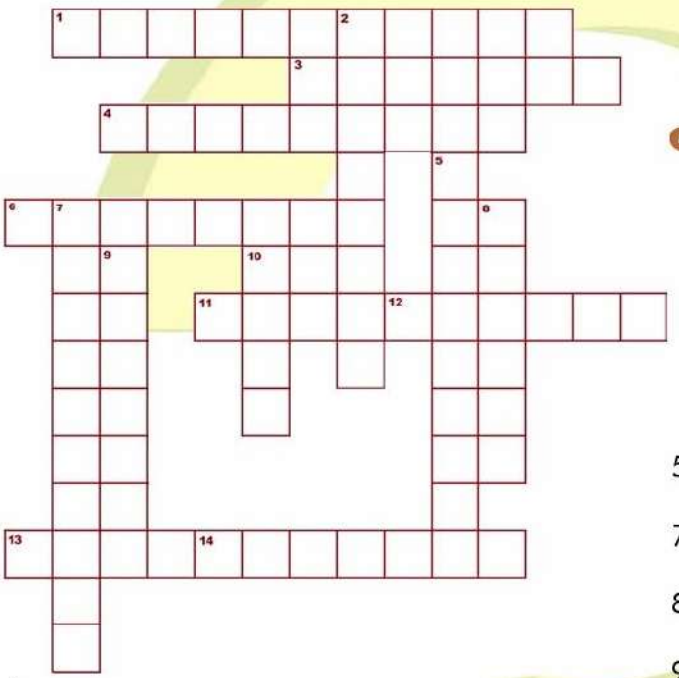
Shall I write of witches and fairies,
or of walking trees with magical strawberries?
Or of India and its culture,
or of the talking parrot and friendly vulture?

All I want is a topic,
for my sight has suddenly become myopic.
I want a topic for a poem to make,
give me one for God's sake.

-Aakriti Pasricha (12)

PUZZLE DAZZLE

Inventors, Inventions and Country Crossword



Here is a crossword on Inventors, Inventions and Countries. Have fun solving it.

Across:

1. He invented artificial heart in 1957; he belongs to Netherlands (11).
3. Jacques and Joseph Montgolfier invented this in 1783. The children enjoy to play with this (7).
4. In 1776, David Bushnell invented this. It is one type of ship (9).
6. P.T. Farnsworth, who invented the television, belongs to this country (7).
11. The inventor of Telegraph belongs to this country (6).
12. Joseph Aspdin, who belongs to Britain, invented this in 1824 (7).
13. Transistor Radio was invented by him in 1955 (4)
14. The inventor of Teddy Bear, Margarete Steiff, belongs to this country (7).

Down:

2. The German who invented the petrol car in 1888 (8).
5. Walter Hunt, an American, invented this in the year 1849 (9).
7. In the year 1590 Z. Janssen invented this, which is useful to study about micro-organisms (10).
8. An American, George Eastman, invented this in the year 1888 (6).
9. Michael Faraday, the inventor of transformer, belongs to this country (7).
10. In the year 1895, Wilhelm K. Roentgen invented this (4).

ANSWERS FOR FUN WITH PHIYA PUZZLES :

I Name the pictures

1. CAMEL, 2. PARTRIDGE, 3. SAND DUNE, 4. OASIS, 5. DATE PALM

II Trails:

Salt desert: Fan-throated lizard, Asiatic wild ass, Babul, Flamingo

Cold desert: Juniper, Golden eagle, Himalayan brown bear, Marmot

Hot desert: Indian houbara, Asiatic desert cat, Saw-scaled viper, Cactus

III Find the species:

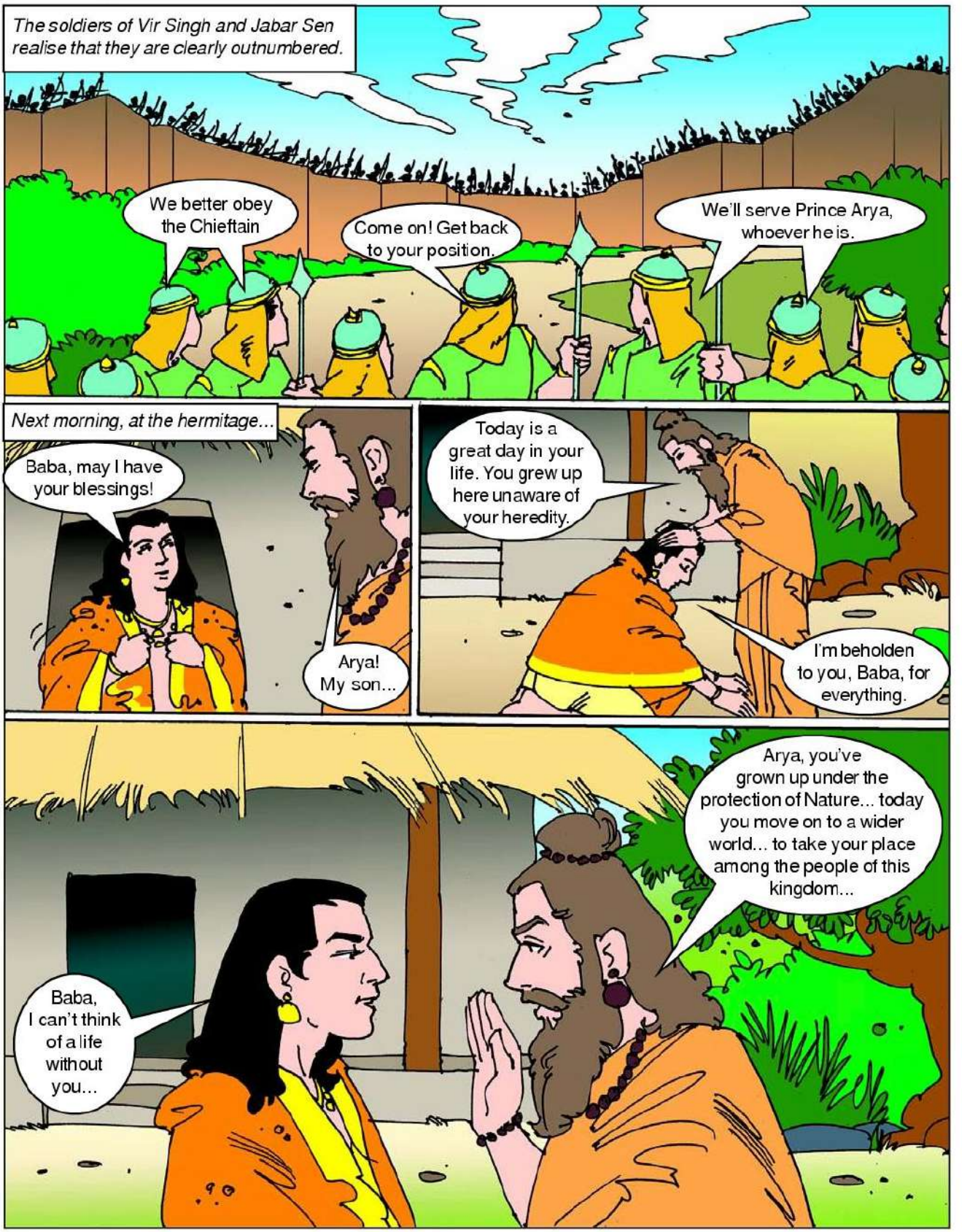
1. Cactus, 2. Saw-scaled viper, 3. Himalayan brown bear, 4. Juniper, 5. Asiatic wild ass, 6. Babul

ANSWERS OF PUZZLE DAZZLE :

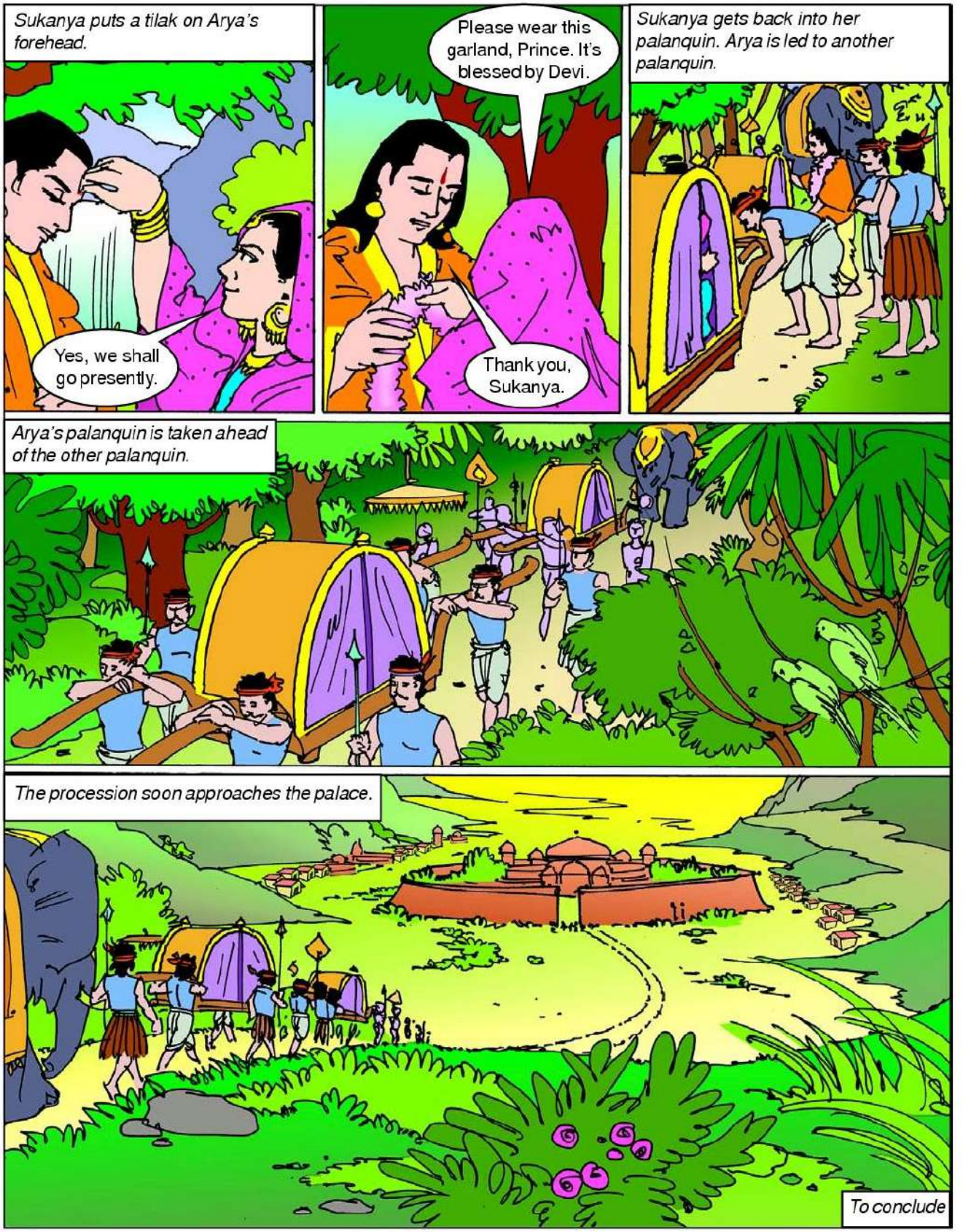
Across: 1. Willlem Kolff; 3. Balloon; 4. Submarine; 6. America; 11. France; 12. Cement; 13. Sony; 14. Germany.

Down: 2. Karl Benz; 5. Safety pin; 7. Microscope; 8. Camera; 9. Britain; 10. X-Ray.

30
The tragic disappearance of Vir Singh clears the way for Prince Arya to ascend the throne of Shantipur. On the advice of hermit Jayananda, Chieftain Sukhdev proceeds to the palace. The hermit sends Vasant to Manavendra and the King of Amritpur. At the palace Sukhdev is in full command. One of his bodyguards seeks him out in haste...
ARYA
The Mystery of the Unknown Prince
Art: Gandhi Ayya
Vir Singh's soldiers are planning a mutiny, sir!
Nonsense!
Sukhdev storms out of the palace
I told you, Vir Singh is dead! Now get ready to receive Prince Arya. He's the rightful claimant to the throne.
I warn you! If you try any of your tricks, you'll pay dearly for your mischief. My men will take care of any emergency.
If you've any doubt, look behind yourself!
So many!
Oh god!


The soldiers of Vir Singh and Jabar Sen realise that they are clearly outnumbered.
We better obey the Chieftain
Come on! Get back to your position.
We'll serve Prince Arya, whoever he is.
Next morning, at the hermitage...
Baba, may I have your blessings!
Arya! My son...
Today is a great day in your life. You grew up here unaware of your heredity.
I'm beholden to you, Baba, for everything.
Arya, you've grown up under the protection of Nature... today you move on to a wider world... to take your place among the people of this kingdom...
Baba, I can't think of a life without you...

...Arya, I'll be with you whenever you need me. You must now offer your prayers to your parents.
I shall follow you, Baba!
Arya goes to where his parents lie buried.
Arya is unable to control himself when he sits beside his mother's mound.
Please bless your son!
Arya is woken up from his reverie by the presence of Bagha and Baghi.
I'm not going away... I shall come back whenever I find time.
Arya is a little suprised when he sees Sukanya arrive and greet him.
Sukanya, I'm ready, let's start for Shantipur.
Prince! I've brought offerings from the temple.


Sukanya puts a tilak on Arya's forehead.
Yes, we shall go presently.
Please wear this garland, Prince. It's blessed by Devi.
Thank you, Sukanya.
Sukanya gets back into her palanquin. Arya is led to another palanquin.
Arya's palanquin is taken ahead of the other palanquin.
The procession soon approaches the palace.
To conclude

READ AND REACT

A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS
CASH PRIZE OF RS. 250 FOR THE BEST ENTRY

Read the story below:

Chakradhar of Shripur was not only a miser, but an extremely mean person who delighted in harassing the people around him. He never married, and lived alone in his ancestral house. Many years passed. Eventually, he fell ill and died.

After Chakradhar's death, his ghost began to haunt the house in which he had lived. People around never saw him, but could hear weird noises at odd hours.

A few months later, a poor man named Ram moved into the vacant house. Chakradhar's ghost was furious that someone should dare occupy his house. He decided to drive out the intruder.

From then on, whenever he stepped out of the house Ram would be pelted with stones and sand. At night, he would be disturbed by the sound of stones hitting his roof.

But Ram did not like to leave the house. He tolerated the torture for sometime, hoping that the ghost would give up in despair. But Chakradhar was made of sterner stuff, and the attacks continued.

At last, Ram decided to turn the ghost's meanness to his advantage.

What did Ram do? Complete the story in your own language, in 100 to 150 words. Give it a suitable title and mail us your entry along with the coupon below in an envelope marked 'Read and React'.

CLOSING DATE : November 30, 2005

Name ----------Age----------Date of birth----------

School ----------Class----------

Home address----------

----------PIN code----------

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

PLAYING WITH ONES AND ZEROS

It was a hot day. Ahmed, Bashir and Kamal sat down for lunch under the shade of a tree. They had worked in their fields from morn till noon. They were now tired and exhausted. Yet they were not so tired that they could not exchange words. Nobody ever is. Moreover, nobody eats in silence. Not when he has company. Understandable, too. For, the tongue can perform two tasks at the same time. It can taste; and it can also wag. So one can enjoy a double bonanza. He can eat and also gossip. Whoever forgoes the chance to have a double delight?

"Oh, if only I didn't have to work so hard!" sighed Ahmed.

"If only I was born in a rich family!" Bashir bared his wish.

"If only I had half the intelligence of Mulla Nasruddin!" Kamal took a deep breath.

"You seem to be jealous of Nasruddin," Bashir raised his eyebrows.

"Who is not? Tell me, frankly, haven't you ever envied his luck?" Kamal frowned.

"I admit I do often feel envious of Nasruddin's good fortune," Bashir's voice fell.

"Some are born lucky. Whatever they touch turns into gold. Nasruddin belongs to this group," Ahmed sighed.

"Forget him. I'm terribly hungry. Let's eat," Kamal moved back a bit to make room for the food to be spread before him. Kamal and Bashir, too, did that. They unrolled the food packets, placed them in the space encircled by them and started to eat.

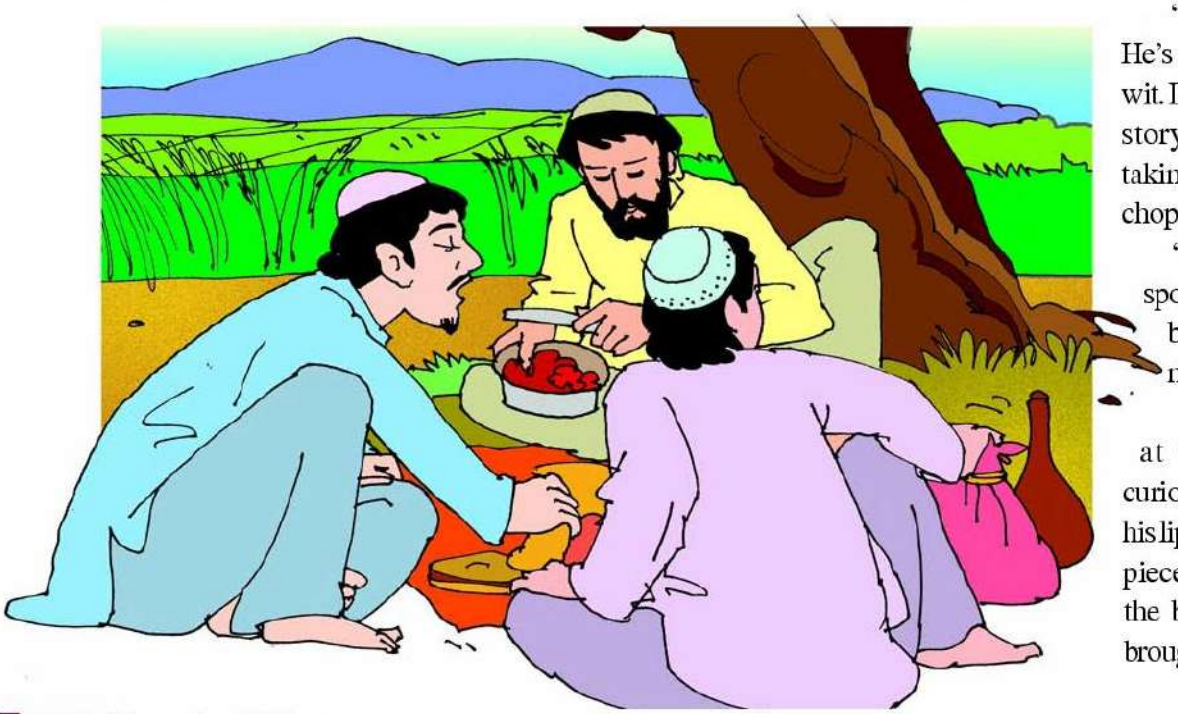
They took the first few morsels in silence.

Then Kamal turned to Ahmed and asked, "Why do you say whatever Nasruddin touches turns into gold?"

"Well, have you ever seen Nasruddin work in his fields? Hardly ever," Ahmed quizzed.

"Yet, he makes enough to live well," Bashir remarked.

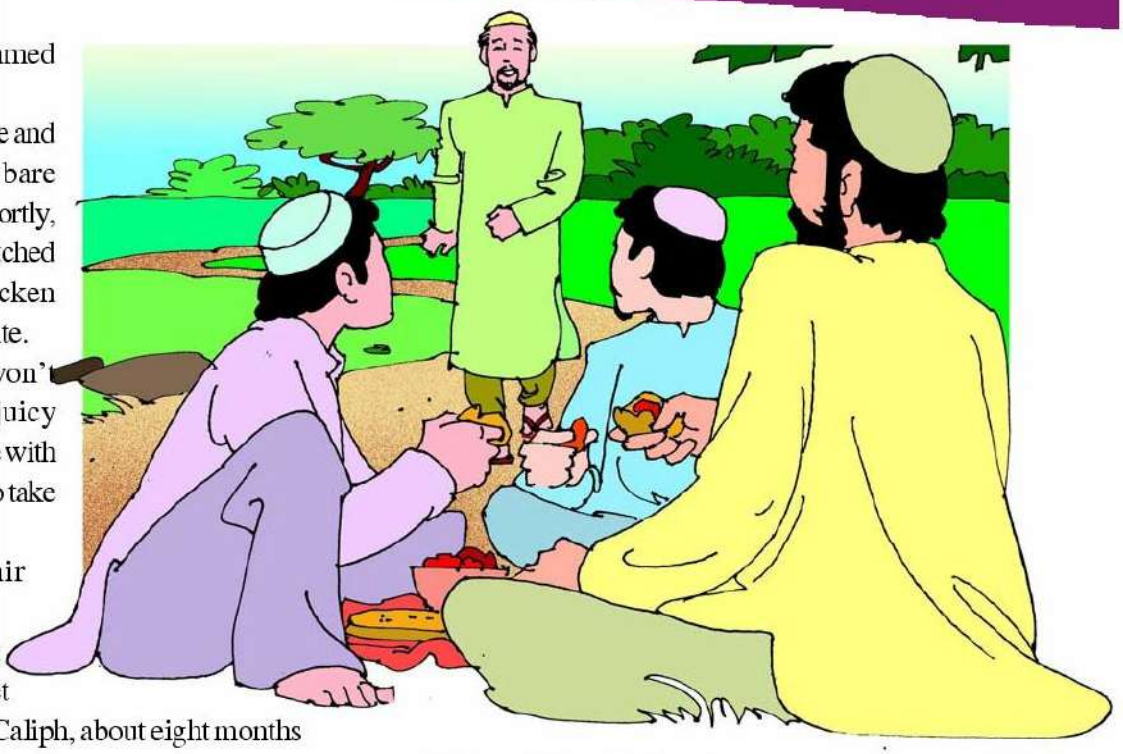
"He's lucky," added Kamal.



"No. That's not true. He's clever. He lives by his wit. Did you hear the latest story?" asked Ahmed, taking a bite off the lamb chop.

"Heard what?" Bashir spoke, his words slurred by the food in his mouth.

"Ahmed is good at whipping up our curiosity," Kamal pouted his lips, while picking up a piece of bread to go with the boiled eggs he had brought along.



"I hold no whip," Ahmed laughed.

"Shall I get hold of one and bring it down on your bare back?" Bashir, stout and portly, held back the hand he stretched to bring the roasted chicken close to his mouth for a bite.

"Do that and you won't ever hear a word of the juicy story I thought I shall share with you," Ahmed went back to take a snip off the lamb chop.

"I'm sorry," Bashir softened his tone.

"Do you know that Nasruddin managed to get 10,000 *Shekels* from the Caliph, about eight months back?" Ahmed paused.

"Ten thousand Shekels?" Kamal did not want to believe it.

"Yes. About a month back, the Caliph granted him the right to swat flies wherever he found them. Nasruddin took the swat along, always. He used it every time he found a fly. A fly landed on the nose of a courtier. Down came the swat. The fly died. The poor man ended up with a nose, squashed, swollen and red. The courtier could do nothing. Nasruddin spared none. Not even the Caliph. The Caliph flew into a rage. Nasruddin reminded the Caliph that he himself had granted him the right to swat flies. And he had only swatted a fly sitting on the Caliph's neck. The Caliph decided to take back the right. Nasruddin set the price for giving up the right at 10,000 Shekels. And he got what he wanted!" Ahmed stopped to go back to taking yet another bite.

"I envy him." Bashir said rather loudly.

"Who are you jealous of?" the three turned on hearing the voice of Nasruddin.

"Think of the devil and there he is," snapped Ahmed.

"I agree I am a devil, so I am in good company," Nasruddin laughed loudly. The three made room for him to sit by their side.

"Join us," Ahmed grinned.

"Thank you," Nasruddin picked up a lamb chop.

"Nasruddin, you know how to turn words around. Nothing else," Kamal grouched.

"That's no mean skill, my friend," Nasruddin proudly peered at Kamal.

"Look, we work all day long, in the fields. Yet we hardly make enough to make both ends meet. You just swat the Caliph and get richer by 10,000 Shekels," Bashir's eyes had the touch of envy.

"Go and swat the Caliph. And you may find . . ." Nasruddin took a meaningful pause.

"Oh, no. I don't want to lose my head," Bashir sounded nettled by the very thought of what would happen if ever he brought the swat down on the Caliph.

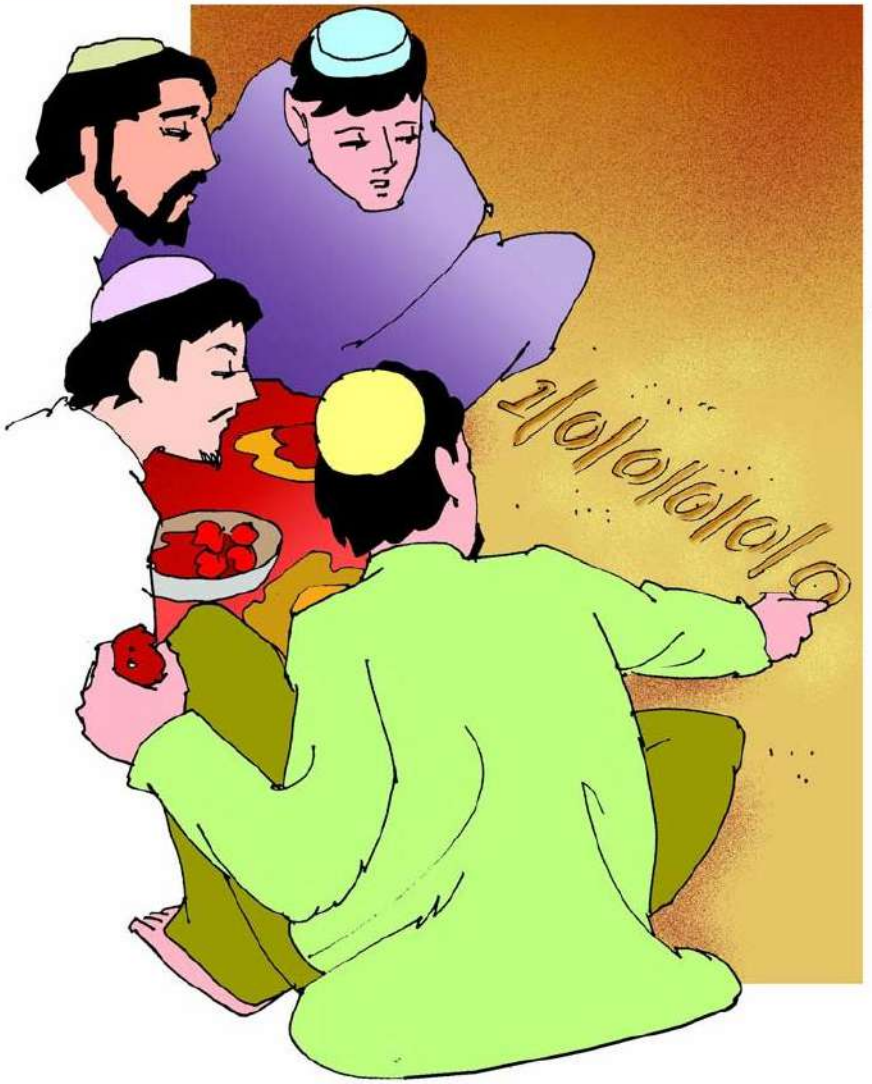
"I got away with that," Nasruddin licked the chop with great glee.

"I envy you your good luck," said Kamal.

"I too," Ahmed admitted.

"How much more jealous would you be if you hear of my latest good luck?" Nasruddin's face glowed with joy.

"Did you find a knave foolish enough to fleece?" Kamal hissed.



"How much did you make?" Ahmed asked.

Nasruddin dodged. He did not show any great eagerness to tell his tale.

"Well, Nasruddin, why do you say we will be more jealous of you if we hear of your recent lucky break?" Ahmed gently poked Nasruddin with the tip of his index finger.

"Why should I tell you? I think I shall keep it a secret. That way you won't feel jealous of me," Nasruddin hedged.

"Please tell us," Kamal insisted.

"We won't let you go till you tell us how fortune favoured you," Bashir's lower lip drooped.

"Please, Nasruddin, how could you refuse to share a secret with friends like us?" Ahmed purred.

"Who are always jealous of me and my good fortune." Nasruddin hit back.

"You won't tell us?" the three spoke in one voice.

"I shall. But assure me, you won't die of shock," Nasruddin warned.

"We know you're lucky. We also know you make big money. So even if you tell us you made a fortune, we won't feel surprised," Ahmed replied.

"Well, I made a fortune in the last six months. Know how much I made?" Nasruddin took a break.

"1,000 Shekels, " Ahmed made a guess.

"Much more," Nasruddin beamed with joy.

"May be 5,000 Shekels," Bashir tried an estimate.

"Can't you think of a higher figure?" Nasruddin teased.

"Did you make another 10,000 Shekels in the last six months?" Kamal found it hard to believe.

"Suppose I say I made . . . ," Nasruddin found the three friends gaping at him, as if he was someone out of this world, enjoying the sight and sharpening their curiosity by not saying anything more.

"How much did you make?' the three men almost shouted.

"You won't believe it. But I made 100,000 Shekels in the last six months," Nasruddin found the three men looking at him with sheer disbelief.

"Be serious, my man," Ahmed was the first one to find his voice.

"But I did make that much amount," Nasruddin repeated.

"Who has that much money to give?" Bashir doubted his claim.

"The Caliph." Nasruddin was brief.

"How did it come about?"

"I made it possible. I have a hunch that if my good

fortune continues, I may be able to tell you, next month, that I made 1,000,000 Shekels in seven months," Nasruddin found the three men so shocked that they forgot the food in front of them.

"You mean it?" Ahmed rasped out.

"Why should I lie?" Nasruddin grinned.

"Didn't I tell you whatever he touches turns into gold?" Bashir's words carried clear signs of envy.

"But you won't be so jealous of me, if I tell you that I have no money to call my own. In fact, I never had a lamb chop or chicken bite for over four months, now," Nasruddin picked up a piece of chicken and pushed it into his mouth quickly.

"You said you got 100,000 Shekels in the last six months. What did you do with such a huge sum? Stacked it away? Listen. One can't eat Shekels. Go, buy the best of food, have fun time," Ahmed snared.

"But I have no money, friends," Nasruddin found that he could now taste a lamb chop.

"How come?" the three asked, in one voice.

"Want to know the truth?"

"Yes, Nasruddin," they said.

"Well, six months back, for a service I rendered to the Caliph, he gave me one Shekel. Just one Shekel."

"Go on." The suspense was too much for Kamal to bear.

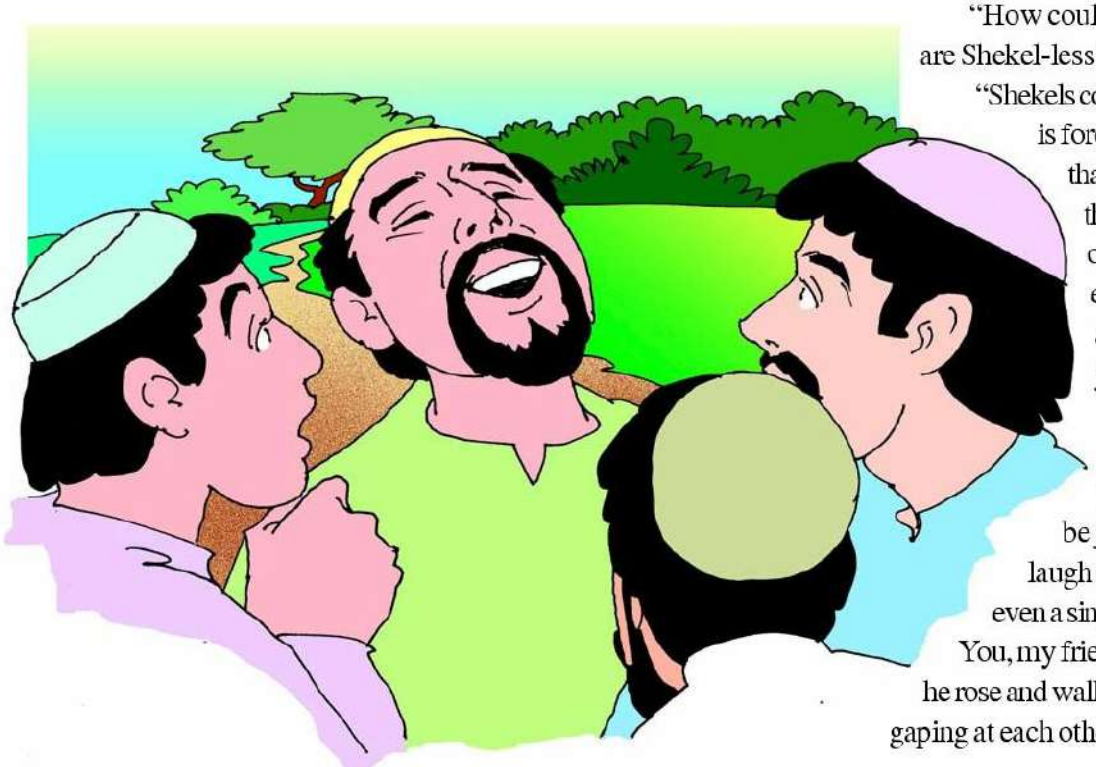
"Next month, I got nothing from the Caliph. Know how one writes NOTHING," Nasruddin turned to the three.

"It is represented by ZERO," said Ahmed.

"You are right. So in the first month I got 1 Shekel. In the second month, I got NOTHING, but I looked at it differently, told myself that I got 0 Shekel. So in two months, I got 1 Shekel and two Shekels. I put the numbers in order. The figure now read 10 Shekels. In the third month I got NOTHING. The figure that showed my earning in three months now read 100 Shekels. I got NOTHING in the fourth, fifth and sixth months. So my earnings in the last six months has swelled to100,000 Shekels," Nasruddin reached out for yet another bite.

"So, in reality, you made just one Shekel in six months?" Bashir felt no more jealous of Nasruddin.

"I know only one thing. I made 1 Shekel in the first month and 0 Shekel each in the subsequent five months. So I tell myself I made 100,000 Shekels," Nasruddin started laughing.



"How could you laugh, when you are Shekel-less?" Kamal asked.

"Shekels come and go. But laughter is forever," Nasruddin found that he had polished off all the food, wiped the edges of his mouth with the free end of his tunic and asked, "Are you still jealous of me?"

"Yes," said Kamal.

"I expected that, Kamal. You'll always be jealous of me. For I can laugh even when I don't have even a single Shekel in my pocket. You, my friends, can never do that," he rose and walked off, leaving the three gaping at each other.

-R.K.Murthi

THIS HAPPENED IN NOVEMBER

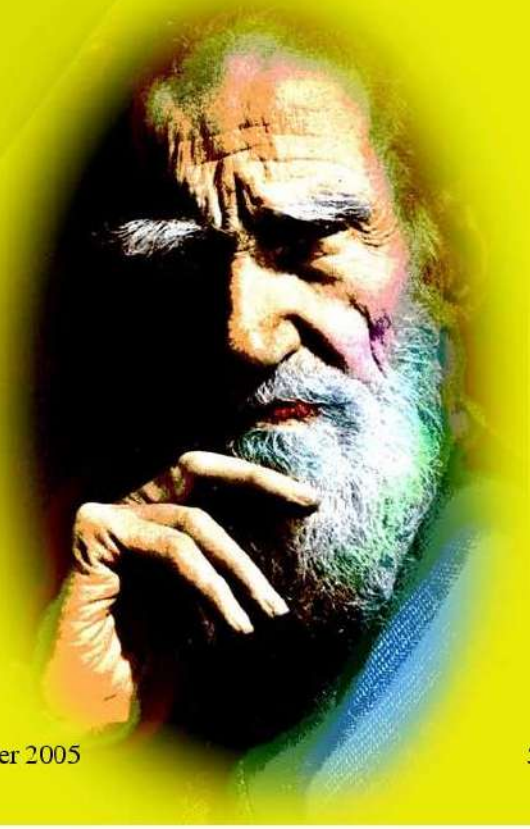
CAN A MORTAL BECOME AN IMMORTAL?

. . . Yes, says George Bernard Shaw. No living thing lives forever. Not even man, God's finest creation. Immortality, it is said, is for gods.

That is quite true if we talk only of physical presence. Most men are forgotten after death. Not so great people. They leave footprints on the sands of time. These footprints get embedded in our minds. Here they stay and make us feel their presence, all the time. By living in our minds, the truly great men remain immortal.

George Bernard Shaw belongs to this group of the truly great. He died on November 2, 1950. He was then 94.

Words were his tools. So were they for William Shakespeare. Shakespeare was the leading playwright of the 17th century. For centuries, no other playwright matched the creative skill of Shakespeare. Then came Bernard Shaw. He emerged as a worthy torchbearer of Shakespeare's grand tradition. Today, everyone agrees that he is unquestionably the greatest playwright of the 20th century.



Born in Dublin on July 26, 1856, he developed an ear for music very early. He owed this to his mother, a music teacher. She sang soulful songs while she rocked the cradle. Music became part of his very being. He felt inner joy in the rhythm and balance of music. He began to seek rhythm in everything. He rarely ever found what he sought. So he became a rebel. He could not fit into the discipline of regular schools. His mother worried about his future. She could not read the future. If she had, she would have felt at ease. Fate had marked him out for the role of a playwright. It gifted him a love for reading. He spent most of his time dating books. He developed an interest in fine arts, too. Finally he knew what to do in his life. He decided to write for a living. He moved to London, began to contribute articles, reviewed books and worked as an art critic. In his spare time, he wrote plays.

His first play was presented in 1892. It received wide acceptance. Then came a series of plays. Finally, in 1905, he emerged as the best of playwrights with his *Man and Superman*. It was enacted, to a packed audience, at the Royal Court Theatre of London. The audience went into raptures. Critics hailed him the greatest of playwrights of the 20th century.

He enjoyed the limelight. Success often turns one's head. Not so, in the case of Shaw. Instead, success went to his mind. It breathed more creativity into him. He felt inspired. It also realized the power that he now enjoyed. He could now speak out his mind more freely. That was what he did.

Confidence gave wings to his native wit. He used

wit as a lance to rip apart false façades or to deflate egos of the proud or the conceited. He spared none. For him, nothing was sacred. He took potshots at anything that to him seemed absurd or silly. He assaulted society through verbal bites. He soon became a legend. People began to quote him extensively. Here are a few of his quips:

–Every man above forty is a scoundrel.

–Youth is a wonderful thing; what a crime to waste it on children.

–Women are not angels. They are as foolish as men in many ways.

–I am sick of reasonable people. They see all the reasons for being lazy and doing nothing.

–I am an expert picker of other men's brains.

–A music hall critic is a man who leaves no stone unturned.

His wit was also seen at its best in his interaction with people. A London socialite, who claimed to be an amateur historian, once asked Shaw: what is the difference between history and anecdote? Shaw replied: "The difference, Madam, is not the veracity of the event, but its credibility. If I write a story about you, it will become history. But if you write a piece about me, it will be called an anecdote."

"Why don't you shave your beard?" a friend asked Shaw.

"It is a waste of time to shave. At the rate of four minutes a day, I have saved ten months in the course of my life," said he.

When Count Leo Tolstoy asked him why he treated life as a joke, Shaw replied, "Life is, indeed, a joke."

Shaw's play, *Pygmalion*, was a great success on the stage. (Later it was turned into the Academy Award winning movie, *My Fair Lady*). It received unprecedented ovation from the audience. But just when the applause died came a sharp shout, "Boo". Quick as a flash came Shaw's retort, "I quite agree with you, my friend. But what are we against so many?"

When curtains came down on the play *Androcles and the Lion*, a thunderous ovation rang around the hall. Someone noticed Shaw in the stalls and shouted, "Author! Author!" The audience picked up the call. Shaw finally came on the stage. He surveyed

the audience waiting for his response, and quipped, with a merry twinkle, "This play has already one lion," and sat down while the crowd cheered him, enjoying the deftness of the parry.

Bernard Shaw did not limit himself to attacking the failings of man and society. He found one such failing in the English language. What is the extra P doing in PSYCHOLOGY? Why is B silent in DEBT? He raised laughter by spelling FISH as GHOTI . . . GH as in TOUGH, O as in WOMEN, and TI as in NATION. Why were some words spelt differently from the way they were pronounced? How much trouble it caused to children! So he set out to make the spelling of words more logical. He left a part of his immense wealth to finance the cause.

His contribution to literature won him the Nobel Prize in 1925.

Bernard Shaw died fifty-five years ago. But he lives through his plays and quotes. Rightly did he once say, "Life does not cease to be funny when people die any more than it ceases to be serious when people laugh."

-R.K. Murthi

LEGENDS FROM OTHER LANDS (NORTH AMERICA, SIOUX TRIBE)

A STRANGE ROCK IN THE VALLEY

Far away from any village, in the remote part of the valley, stands a rock, robust and tall, so tall that once in a while its peak is lost in the clouds. I call its top a peak, but it is not like any other peak of any other hill. Its surface is rather flat, with space enough for a merry group of school boys and girls to have a picnic.

However, you cannot climb up there. Once some mountaineers, with the help of ropes and nails and hammers, managed to reach the rock-top, but their beaming faces lost their lustre in no time when they realised that it would be well nigh impossible for them to get off the high spot! However, they were resourceful. A helicopter lifted them and did the descending job for them.

But our story does not concern them. Long ago, when things like helicopters, airplanes, radio or wireless were centuries away, two of the local boys did come down without the help of any of them. How? Well, first I must tell you that they never climbed up there! Do you think I'm speaking nonsense? Where is the question of their coming down if they never went up?

But they were there!

Now you deserve to be told all about it – what made it necessary for the two boys to come down when they had never gone up there. It happened like this. The two were playing with a ball made of light wood, hurling it here and there and then catching it with gusto. Once the ball crossed the old little hill standing at the end of their village. That gave them the idea of climbing the hill, something they had never done before, and taking a look at the world beyond it. From the hill-top the valley on the other side looked enchanting, teeming with numerous flowery and fruit-bearing trees. Lovely little harmless beasts played hide and seek amidst them.

The two boys descended into the unknown valley and looked for their ball. But they did not find it. They went farther and farther looking for it – and at the same time relishing varieties of delicious fruits which almost offered themselves to the boys. They did not realise that they had left their village far behind. They woke up to the fact that evening was approaching only when a charming full-moon rose before them, brushing the valley gold.

They were surely in a mood to appreciate the changing ambience of the

valley, but alas, the moonlight had brought a big – very big - grizzly bear out of its cave. And you can imagine the happiness of the creature at the sight of the boys. We wish it was happy because it could have two playmates for the moonlit night. But no; you know the reason for its happiness.

The boys saw it preparing to jump onto them, its face as bright as the moon.

"Wait a minute, Bear Sir, what's the hurry? Should you not let's say our last prayers?" said the boys. Despair had inspired courage in their hearts.

"Prayer? How is that going to help you? There is no place for you to hide from me. You don't have any weapon to fight with me. There is not a soul anywhere around to come to your rescue. In any case I am yet to see a man who does not faint at my sight. You two are the exceptions. I'm sure, you would also prove exceptionally tasty," said the bear.

Wankan Tanka is the name of the god whom the boys and their tribe worshipped. "O Wanka Tanka, did you lead us into this charming valley only to provide this huge bear with a poor dinner? How is that? The bear says there is no way we can escape it. It seems to be from ours and the bear's points of view. O Wanka Tanka, can't you find some way?" said the boys in their prayers, tears flowing down their cheeks.

Wanka Tanka acted. Suddenly, before either the boys or the bear could realise what was happening, the chunk of earth on which the boys stood shot up; it grew and grew upward, till it was certain that the grizzly had missed its dinner.

The angry bear scratched the just-grown rock, circling it several times. The boys thanked their god, but they did not know what to do next. But Wanka Tanka knew. The legendary eagle Wanblee, the friend of their tribe, swooped down upon them twice, each time lifting one of them and leaving him on the hillock near their village. The boys were back home by midnight, richer with their wonderful experience, and sat down for dinner their mothers had kept ready for them. What a sound sleep they had before telling the whole village about their wonderful adventure. The villagers went up the hillock and saw the rock on the horizon and made gestures of obeisance to it.

This had happened long before the white men took over the lands of the natives, who are now known as the American Indians. The lonely rock is called by the whites the Devil's Rock, though the natives don't understand why. The devil, they think, is the white man's companion and not theirs. They call it the Bear's Rock. They probably thought that the bear deserved this much kindness in lieu of the ready moonlight dinner it missed.

(M.D.)

GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Lord Brahma and Lord Vishnu took up the challenge. Vishnu entered the nether-world to locate the platform on which Shiva stood. Brahma went up into the sky to determine his height.

Neither Vishnu nor Brahma, however deep down or however high they went up respectively, could see the beginning or the end of Shiva.

Brahma found a flower falling down. Presuming that it fell from Shiva's head, Brahma took hold of it.

"See, I could measure Shiva's height. This flower is the proof," Brahma told Vishnu.

"Is this true?" Vishnu asked the flower.

"True," replied the flower.

Vishnu did not believe the flower. "I'll ask Shiva," he thought. Shiva, who was by then disappearing, said, "It's not true. The flower was coming down when Brahma caught it. He had not been able to reach my height."

Thereafter Shiva disqualified that flower from being offered to Gods. Then Shiva laughed and Brahma and Vishnu woke up from the spell of ignorance and joined in the laughter.

The sage, after narrating this episode, said, "Now you know that even the great Gods had become victims of ignorance. There is only one way to rise above ignorance and all the sufferings that come from ignorance."

"Which is that way? Please tell us about it," King Surath appealed to the sage.

The sage taught them the discipline by which they should be able to invoke the Grace of the Divine Mother. At their request, he also taught them the hymns and prayers to the Divine Mother.

The king and the merchant then took leave of the sage. They chose a secluded spot on a river and devoted themselves to the worship of the Divine Mother.

They remained pure in their thoughts and actions and followed every law given to them by the sage. After two years, they had only a fleeting glimpse of the Divine Mother.

They were sad that the vision did not last; they could not offer their prayers before her. They meditated for yet another year. When they saw no result forthcoming, they prepared a fire wishing to sacrifice their lives.

But out of the fire emerged the luminous Goddess and offered to grant them the boons they desired.

23. A FLEETING VISION OF GODDESS

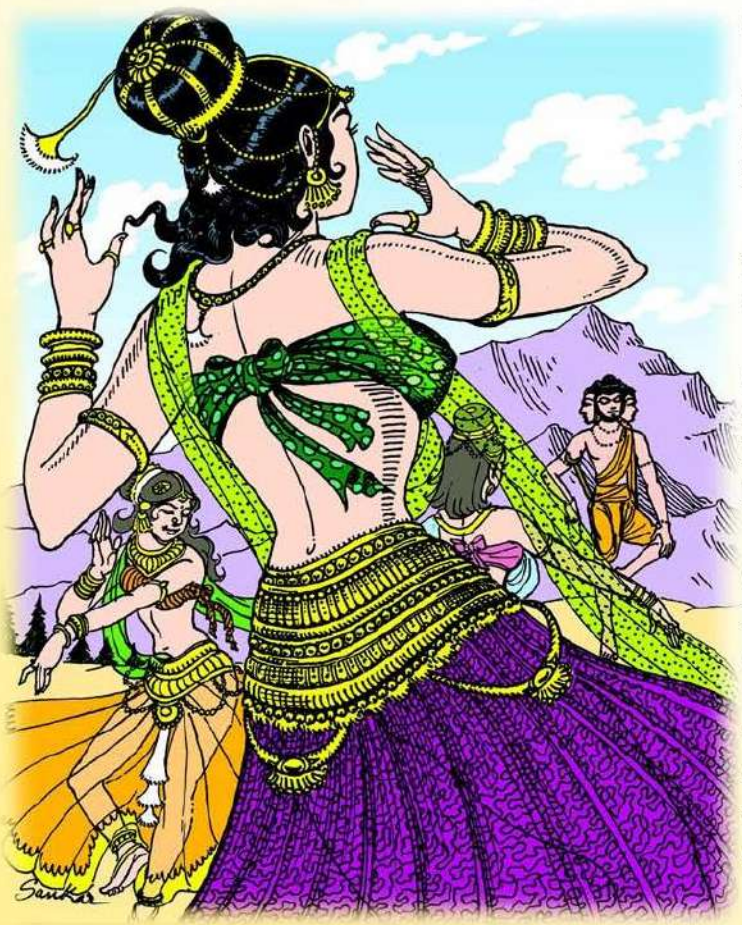
King Surath wanted his kingdom back and security for his family. The boon was granted. In a few days he was found out by his subjects who threw out the usurper and restored his throne to him. He ruled happily for a long time.

The merchant had in the meanwhile lost all interest in his wealth and family. He prayed for true knowledge. His prayer, too, was granted. True knowledge flashed in his heart. He lived as a sage, in the unfailing love of the Divine Mother.

In the remote past, one of the gods to be worshipped was Twastu Prajapati. Once, out of his supernatural power, he created a luminous being called Viswarup.

Viswarup had three heads. As he grew up, he was found to be endowed with many virtues.

With one of his mouths he continuously recited hymns from the Vedas. He used his second mouth for eating and drinking. With the eyes on his third head, he could see, if he so wished, the things that were to happen.



He forgot everything when he sat in meditation. Neither a burning sun nor a heavy shower could disturb him. He remained engrossed in meditation for years at a stretch.

Indra, the King of Gods, feared that Viswarup might topple him and occupy his throne. He summoned the most charming nymphs like Urvasi and Rambha and said, "Please do whatever you can to put an end to Viswarup's tapasya. If he is allowed to carry on with his meditation, he is sure to dethrone me."

"O King, you need not be afraid of any ambitious mortal as long as our services are available to you. There is nobody who can resist our charm. In no time we can reduce Viswarup to a passionate man who will forget his meditation," the proud nymphs assured Lord Indra.

They went down to the hill on which Viswarup was meditating. They sang and danced for a long time. Viswarup, who stood on one leg, lost in a particular way of penance, did not even open his eyes. After taking some rest, the nymphs danced and sang again, but to no avail.

Disappointed, they went back to Indra and said, "Viswarup is a person of great character and unusual strength. We are unable to disturb him. It is our good luck that he did not curse us."

This only added to Indra's anxiety. What if a person, who had such a commendable character, aspired to his position?

Indra decided to do the needful himself. He rode his elephant, Airavata, and went to Viswarup's abode. Without giving him a chance to defend himself, Indra threw his thunderbolt at him and killed him.

Seers and hermits, who came to know of this, condemned Indra's action in one voice. "How can Indra escape the consequences of his gruesome action?" they asked one another.

Indra returned to heaven, but he could not be in peace. What if Viswarup came back to life? Did not Viswarup's body look unusually alive? How to make sure that his body had been totally drained of life? These questions disturbed him.

(To continue)

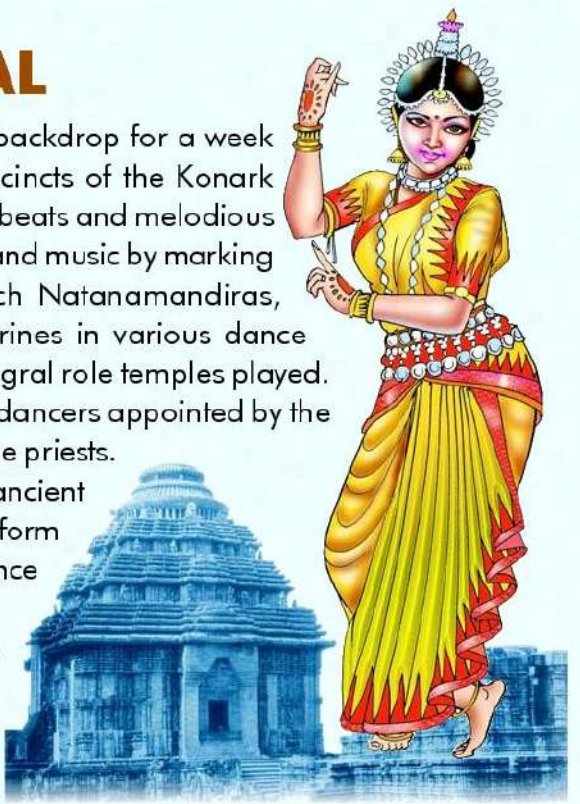
INDIA SCOPE

MARRIAGE BETWEEN TREES

Mr. Banyan of sixty summers married 25-year-old Miss Neem in an auspicious ceremony conducted in the traditional way. The trees stand in the compound of the Siva temple in Tenkurissy in central Kerala. The pujari came from the temple at 6 a.m., sprinkled holy water from the temple on the banyan and dressed the tree in a new off-white dhoti, usually worn by bridegrooms in Kerala. The neem was draped in a red silk sari. Both trees were adorned with garlands and smeared with holy ash and sandalwood paste. When the *muhurtham* time approached at 9, the priest took the consecrated gold *thali* and tied it around the neem, as loud chanting of *mantras* from the *Vedas* by the thousands of devotees gathered on the occasion rent the air. Later, they partook of a ceremonial lunch. The priest, Vasudevan Nambudiripad, explained that such rituals and ceremonies are held for the welfare of the people.

KONARK FESTIVAL

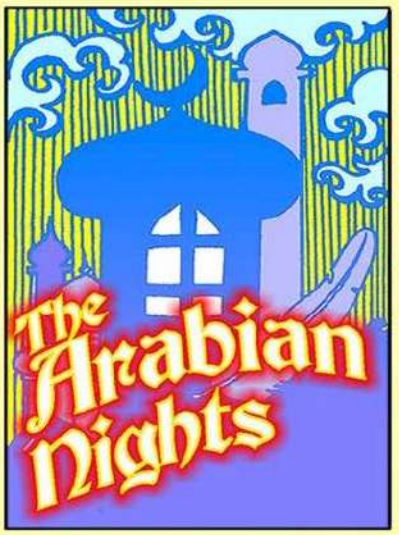
Imagine an open air stage with a real temple as the backdrop for a week long dance festival. Come December 1 and the precincts of the Konark temple every year get surcharged with rhythmic dancing beats and melodious music. In Orissa, temples accorded importance to dance and music by marking a separate enclosure called the *Natanamandira*. Such Natanamandiras, beautifully embellished with chiselled figures and figurines in various dance poses and music ensemble, were once witness to the integral role temples played. As the dances were part of the worship, the temples had dancers appointed by the rulers or the trustees along with other functionaries like the priests.



The Konark Festival, which is an attempt to revive the ancient practice, attracts dancers from various parts of India to perform in an open air Natanamandira, presenting traditional dance forms–a veritable lavish feast for the eyes and ears.

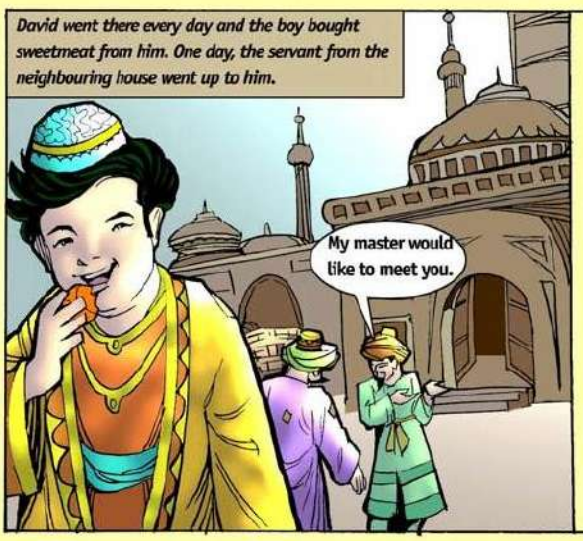
The Konark Festival is, however, not confined to dance and music. There is also a crafts *mela* and the typical delicious Oriya cuisine to go with.

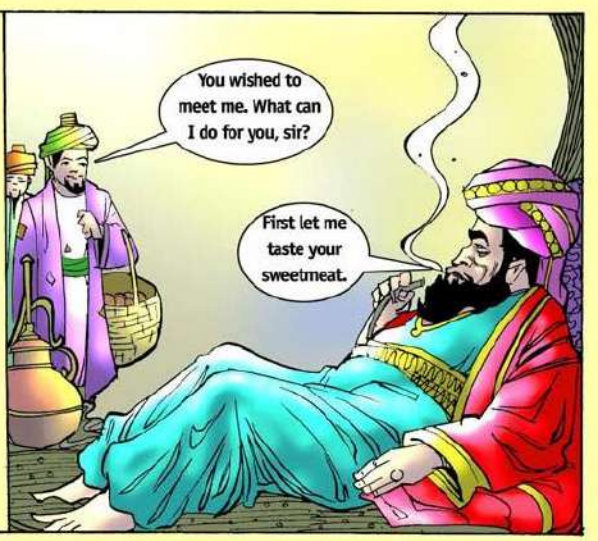
The festival is organised by Orissa Tourism.



David and wife were a poor couple, living in a town in Israel. His wife made sweetmeat, and David would sell them in the market.
The basket can take a few more.
One last plate, and you can then start.

A HOLE IN THE THRONE

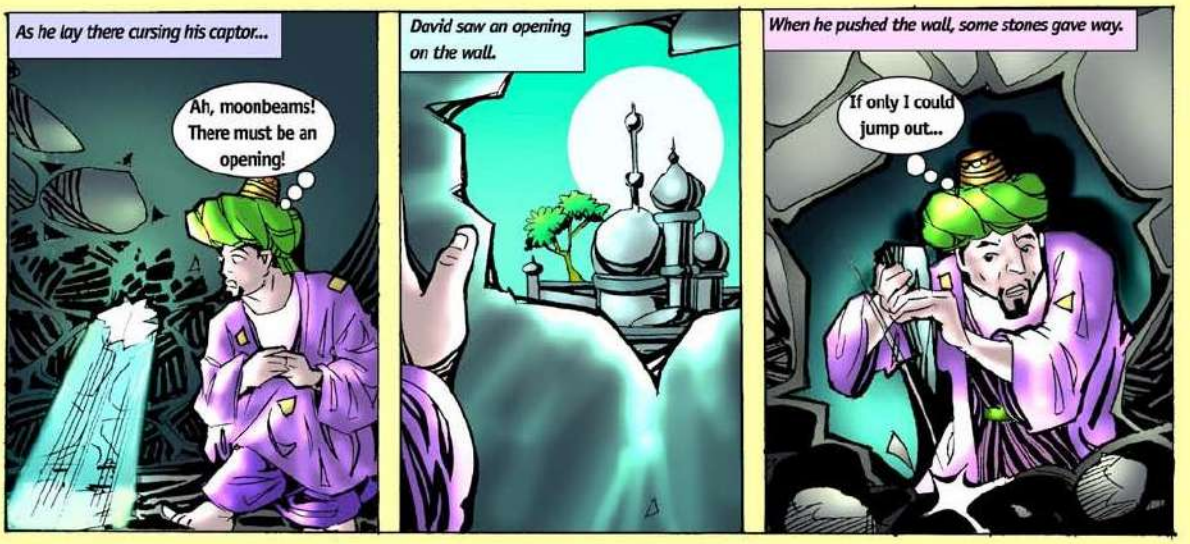

David went there every day and the boy bought sweetmeat from him. One day, the servant from the neighbouring house went up to him.
My master would like to meet you.



The Arabian Nights

That was very nice! Here take this gold mohur.
Gold mohur?
You're surprised? I shall give you fifty if you will...
...give poisoned sweetmeat to my neighbour's son!
Sorry, sir, I can't do such a thing.
Suppose I give you a hundred mohurs?
No, not even for a thousand mohurs... never, sir!
Young man! I praise your honesty.
But kill a child I shall not!
You are not killing; only acting for me. I shall pay you two thousand mohurs.
No, sir, even for two thousand mohurs!
Then you shall die!
On the orders of the old man, David was dragged to a room on the roof and locked up.

A HOLE IN THE THRONE


As he lay there cursing his captor...
Ah, moonbeams! There must be an opening!
David saw an opening on the wall.
When he pushed the wall, some stones gave way.
If only I could jump out...

...what'll be the height! And where would I land on? It'll be a risk. Still...
David decided to try his luck. And jumped. He landed on a hay-stock on a camel cart.
He managed to get off the cart and ran to his house.
Where's your basket? I've been waiting for you all along.
I'm glad I'm back in one piece.

As David began narrating his bizarre experience, his wife shed copious tears.
Anything could have happened!
Thank god that I'm alive!
David used to buy flour every day from out of his earnings from the sale of sweetmeat. That day...
No flour for any bread today!

The Arabian Nights

David's wife still lit the oven.
Our neighbours should not know that we'll go without food.
Soon, a neighbour came in.
Could I light a firebrand?
Sure, take from the oven.
The woman went into the kitchen. She was surprised to see a loaf of bread on the oven.
Oh! What smell!
The woman's shout brought David and wife to the kitchen.
Who made it?
Come on, let's eat it.
It's so tasty!
Look at the smell! As if it has just been baked.
David and wife sat down to offer their prayers to whoever was responsible for the miracle.
How happy we would be if God gives us some wealth!
How kind God is? He saved your life! And now bread!
Before David could complete his sentence...
A diamond from the skies!
See that! God is giving us even without asking for anything.
Let's pray and go to sleep!

A HOLE IN THE THRONE

David's wife had a dream. She thought she was in heaven. She saw in one room beautiful thrones. She also saw an angel.
Who'll sit on these thrones?
They are for the just and the brave on Earth.
Then one of them must be reserved for my husband!
There it is!
But why is there a hole?
The hole was there after the diamond fell down.

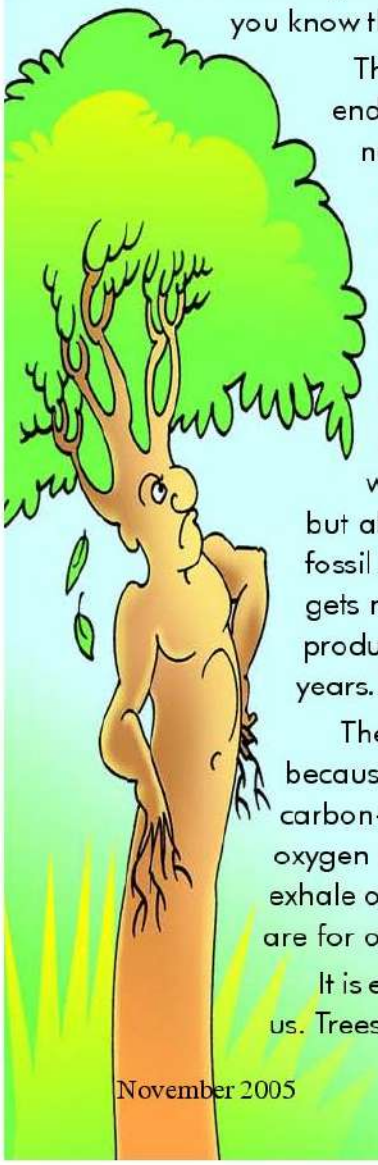
David's wife suddenly woke up and told him all about her dream.
I realise it was foolish on my part to have asked for wealth.
How could we discard the diamond?
David did not hesitate to hurl back the diamond. It disappeared.
That's another miracle!
David thought it was his duty to warn the landlord.
I must tell him how much the old man wanted to poison his little son.

The next morning, as David was on his way to the landlord's house...
Why is this crowd at the old man's house? What happened?
He died of shock. His prisoner had escaped.
Nevertheless, David went to his landlord and told him of all that happened.
Please accept this ten thousand god mohurs!
Thank you, sir. Now I can think of a better business!
The End

CAN TREES PREVENT CYCLONES, TSUNAMIS?

The answer is an emphatic 'yes'. Remember what happened in the last one year? First came the tsunami that hit the coastal towns of southeast Asia, including those in Tamil Nadu and Kerala besides the Andaman and Nicobar islands; recently we read reports of and saw on the TV the kind of devastation caused by cyclones *Katrina*, *Rita* and Wilma that hit parts of the USA and Japan. Nearer home we experienced incessant and heavy rains flooding vast areas in Gujarat, Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh, Orissa, West Bengal, Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka and Tamil Nadu.

We cannot brush them all aside and describe them as 'natural' disasters. Instead of being friendly with Nature, we have been mercilessly attacking it, and a stage came when Nature angrily reacted and taught us a lesson that we would remember for days and years and ages to come. Did you know that our despicable actions had started not yesterday, nor the day before?

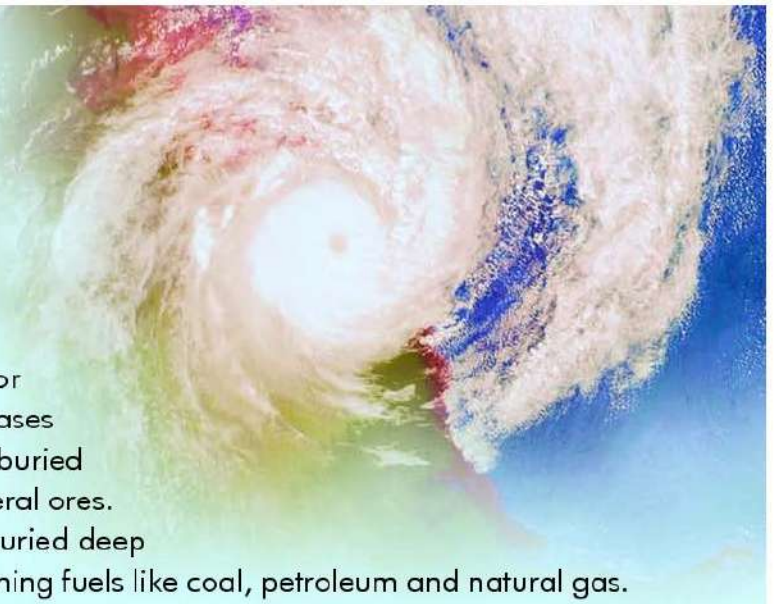


There is no denying that in his irresistible urge to excel in everything, in his endeavour to improve the quality of life, man deliberately defies the basic laws of nature. Instead of working in tandem with Nature, he has chosen to exploit nature beyond the normal limits. How then could he prevent Nature from reacting violently.

We all know that the element carbon has a crucial role in all living organisms. All organic materials in the universe have carbon compounds. Carbon is combustible; it combines with oxygen in the atmosphere, liberating heat and carbon-dioxide. Here is a simple example. The food we eat is a carbon compound, which gets burnt in our cells with the help of oxygen from the air we breathe. The carbon-dioxide that is produced is exhaled by us. Not only we, but all living organisms do that. In other words, carbon is the basic element of all fossil fuels; when they are burnt, carbon-dioxide is produced. This carbon-dioxide gets mixed with the atmospheric air. Thousands and thousands of carbon-dioxide produced in this manner has remained in the air for thousands and thousands of years. The whole universe has been breathing all this carbon-dioxide all these years.

The question might then be asked: Why then didn't universe perish? We did not, because Nature came as our saviour. It came in the form of trees which ate up the carbon-dioxide in the atmospheric air and let out life-saving oxygen. When we inhale oxygen and exhale carbon-dioxide, the trees around us inhale carbon-dioxide and exhale oxygen much needed by other living beings. Thus we know how important trees are for our survival.

It is essential that we know a little more about the process that is happening around us. Trees inhale carbon-dioxide during the day and separate oxygen and carbon. They



need sunlight for converting carbon into their food, which gets deposited in the bark, leaves, fruits or vegetables, as well as in the seeds. When the living organisms eat the plants or their products, like fruits, vegetables and leaves, the carbon in them gets transferred to their bodies. And when the living organism die, their bodies or carcasses are buried or burnt which, in turn, releases carbon-dioxide. The carbon that is left out gets buried deep in the earth, forming compounds with mineral ores. If a large number of living organisms thus get buried deep in the earth, over the years they decompose forming fuels like coal, petroleum and natural gas.

The whole process is known as the carbon cycle, when carbon turns into carbon-dioxide which is re-converted into oxygen and carbon. The 'agent' that helps this process is none else than Naturel In the form of trees.

When the trees are actively engaged in the preparation of food during the day, they inhale a lot of carbon-dioxide and thus the quantity is under check. The sun's rays penetrate to the earth and warm it up. At night, when the trees exhale carbon-dioxide, the quantity is still less and the earth reflects the heat received by it to the sky. Unfortunately, the land has lost all its valuable trees. A large quantity of carbon-dioxide is produced when the fossil fuels are burnt in vehicles and factories. The atmosphere is having more carbon-dioxide than what it should contain and it retards the radiation of heat of the earth to the sky. The temperature keeps remaining high, which, in turn affects the climatic conditions all over the globe, giving rise to cyclones, scorching heat, dry winds, and unseasonal very heavy rains. It is said that we burn on an average 360 crore tons of petroleum, gas equivalent to 200 crore tons of crude oil, and coal equivalent to 240 crore tons of crude oil per year. We have thus become experts in burning up vast quantities of hydro carbon deposits and releasing huge carbon-dioxide to the atmosphere without being capable of converting it back to carbon. That feat is possible only for green trees.

So if we want to save our earth from the impending natural calamities, the only recourse left for us is to plant trees, which we should do now in right earnest. Trees are our saviours.

-By Leena Mehendale, Jt.Secretary, PCRA

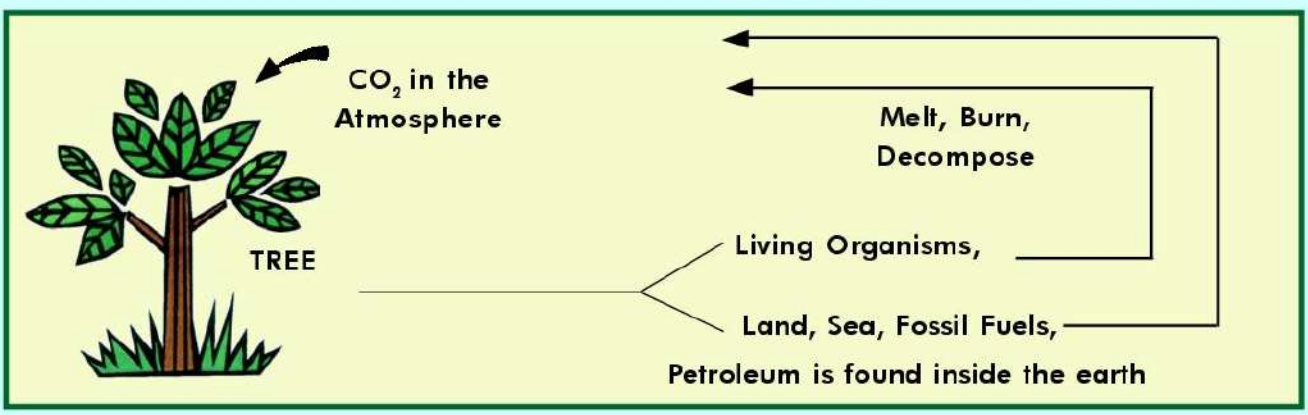
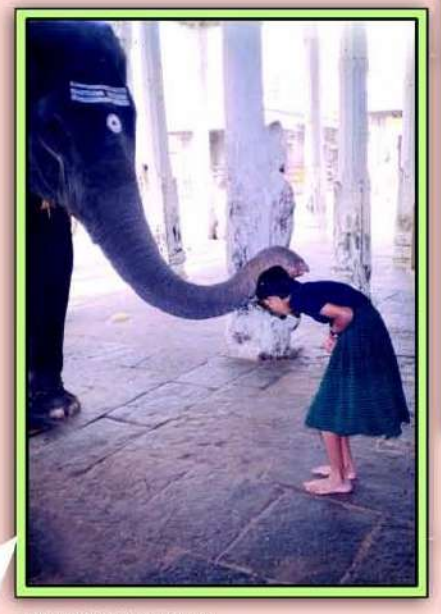


Photo Caption CONTEST

Can you write a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other?



KALANIKETAN BALU

KALANIKETAN BALU

You may write it on a post card marking it:

Photo Caption Contest, CHANDAMAMA

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of the current month.

The best entry will receive a Prize of Rs.100 and it will also be published in the issue after the next. Please write your address legibly and add PIN code.

WINNING ENTRY

"Picking the best"
"Plucking the best"

Congratulations!

September 2005 Lucky Winner:

Mrs. ANNAPURNA MOHAN
301, Akashganga C.H.S.Ltd.
192/6 Charkop
Kandivli (W), Mumbai-400 067

CHANDAMAMA ENGLISH ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Within India Rs. 180/- by surface mail
Payment in favour of
CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED
No. 82 Defence Officers Colony
Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

Printed and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi at B.N.K. Press Pvt. Ltd., Chennai - 600 026 on behalf of Chandamama India Limited No. 82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Editor : B. Viswanatha Reddi (Viswam)

Divine arts, celestial music, dances of Gods...
The Kingdom of Heaven welcomes you
You'll never know till you experience it yourself... The rich, vibrant festival called life in Orissa. A celebration of Divinity, art, music and dance. Where the spirit soars high on the beauty all around.
Live it up in your own way through ancient handicrafts, breathtaking performances, musical extravaganzas... There's something for everyone. The experience of a lifetime, a celebration that never ends.
mudra otdc 1689

ORISSA

Konark Festival, Bhubaneswar: 1-5 December, 2005
Shreekshetra Utsav, Puri: 14 -25 December, 2005
Ekamra Utsav, Bhubaneswar: 6-15 January, 2006

For more information contact: Director, Tourism, Paryatan Bhavan, Bhubaneswar-751014, Orissa, India
Tel: (0674) 2432177, Fax: (0674) 2430887, e-mail: ortour@orissatourism.gov.in, website: www.orissatourism.gov.in
Tourist Offices at: Chennai: Tamilnadu Tourism Complex, Ground Floor, Near Kalaivanar Arangam, Wallajah Road, Chennai-600002, Ph: (044) 25360891, Kolkata: Utkal Bhawan, 55, Lenin Sarani, Pin-700 013, Tel: (033) 22443653
New Delhi: Utkalika, B/4 Baba Kharak Singh Marg, Pin-110001, Telefax: (011) 23364580

CHANDAMAMA (English) NOVEMBER 2005
Regd. with Registrar of Newspaper for India No. 17014/70
Registered No. TN/PMG(CCR)-597/03-05
Licensed to post without prepayment No. 387/03-05
Foreign - WPP. No. 388/03-05

nutrine

Maha Rich
Maha Yummy
Maha Fun

Rediffusion-DY&R/NCL/Chen/40024

nutrine
MAHA
LACTO

Maha Lacto with abundance of milk, malt and ghee...
for just 50p. When are you grabing one?